

COUNTRY LIFE

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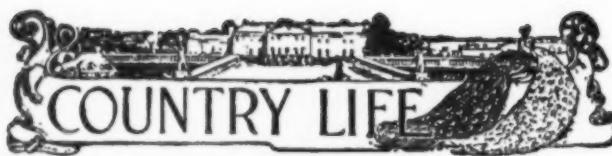
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LADY HONOR WARD.

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COUNTRY LIFE
The Journal for all Interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE REVOLT . . . OF LABOUR.

CAREFUL observers of the signs of the times were undoubtedly well prepared for the epidemic of strikes which has spread over England. They proved it by laying in stores of one kind and another as a precaution against contingencies. To the everyday citizen, however, it came as a great surprise. Perhaps his mind had previously been occupied so much with other things as to prevent him drawing the natural conclusions from certain significant events. He was following the debate about the House of Lords or considering the question of paying Members of Parliament or thinking of Morocco and what were the real ambitions of Germany. In fact, there never was a time when so many important subjects made a simultaneous appeal to the mind. And thus it was with the greatest astonishment that the newspaper reader discovered one morning the existence of a widespread revolt against existing conditions by the classes engaged in manual labour. It is not our purpose to examine the rights and wrongs of this question; but there are certain side issues of very great importance. One of these is the attitude to the law. It must have been observed during the last few years that there has been a tendency among classes other than those engaged in manual work to ignore that sanctity of the law which was taught by a previous generation. We do not say whether it was well or ill for them to do so, but there can be no disguising the fact. For example, the women in the course of their movement in favour of votes justified their disregard of the law by saying that only by similar means had the vote been extended to agricultural labourers and others in the past. In their eyes defiance of the law became virtuous, and imprisonment for it an act of martyrdom. This tendency is not confined to one section of the community or to one party.

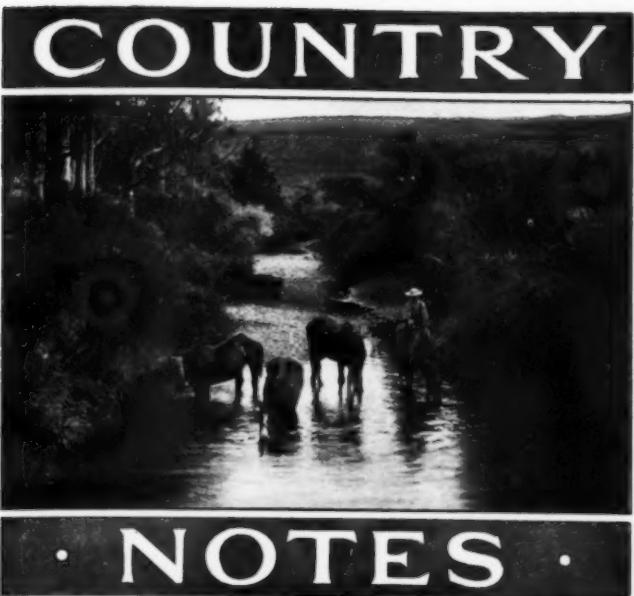
There has been developed among all sections of the population a leaning towards defiance of what was once called the majesty of the law. This is a danger which, perhaps, is inherent in democracy. Parties rule nowadays by favour of the multitude, and weak-kneed Ministers are under very great temptation to make sacrifices for the sake of popularity. No more mischievous element could be introduced into government. In a self-respecting country it is necessary that the law should at all times be fearlessly administered without regard to any political issue involved. Nor is there the slightest excuse for any other course being followed in Great Britain. After all, the law is made by the majority. If in any respect it works unfairly, it is open to anyone to agitate for a repeal or a change. Freedom of this kind is allowed to a degree unparalleled in any other country. Whoever has a theory of government, even if it be absolutely anarchical, has the fullest liberty to persuade other men to his way of thinking, and if he can secure a majority for his opinions, the machinery is at hand for embodying them in law; and there are politicians only too willing to lend a favourable ear to any plausible theory and to adopt and support it. Nor is there any just ground of complaint of any lack of sympathy for the sufferings of the poor. If any class of workmen can show that they are underpaid, they have every opportunity to combine and enforce their views. Far from rousing any antipathy by adopting this course, experience has shown that, as long as their efforts are confined within the limits of the law, they are more likely to enlist the sympathies of the great mass of citizens than otherwise. But, unfortunately, they have shown a disposition to take undue advantage of this kindly attitude. Many of them seem to believe that the rest of the population ought to champion every cause that is brought forward, regardless of right or wrong. Moreover, it is idle to disguise the fact that there are firebrands who go about among the working-classes trying to kindle hostility towards law and order and those who have to administer and maintain them.

Theoretically, all this has been preached and recognised for long enough. So much is this the case that there is no great country in the world which has had less riot and outrage during the last quarter of a century than Great Britain. In the early nineteenth century rioting was not unfrequent. There were labour troubles in all the great centres of employment, and it happened not seldom that soldiers had to be called out. This spirit, however, seemed to have gradually disappeared until very recently. Not for a very long time has there been such an outbreak of violence as has occurred within the last few days. It is scarcely necessary to emphasise its rank injustice. The chief sufferers from it have been the police, a class of officials who discharge very difficult duties with unsurpassed efficiency and friendliness. There is no antipathy between the law-abiding citizen and the police in this country. Many of the poor fellows who have been indiscriminately mauled in the scenes that have taken place in Liverpool and in London are quiet and deserving members of the force. Indeed, they have not been singled out as individual victims, because their cowardly assailants have in many cases thrown their missiles from the roofs of houses and other places of concealment, where they could not know at whom they were aiming. "Wanton outrage" is the only phrase that accurately describes what they have done. The time has therefore arrived for the people in this country to say in the most decided terms that this kind of thing shall not be allowed to continue. Let the workmen, skilled or unskilled, state their grievances with all the persuasiveness and energy of which they are capable. They are certain to be listened to with patience and understanding. We know perfectly well that, owing to a rise in the price of commodities, a guinea to-day will not go as far in housekeeping as a sovereign did fifteen years ago. If, therefore, there are classes of workmen who say that the agreement they solemnly entered into ought not to be continued, but that an improvement in their favour is due, they may be assured of a patient hearing. But it cannot be permitted to them either to assail policemen or persecute those who do not happen to belong to their organisations. Every man in this country should be free to work according to any lawful bargain that he may make with an employer.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Honor Ward. Lady Honor Ward is the eldest daughter of the Earl of Dudley (Governor-General of Australia) and the Countess of Dudley.

* * * It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



NOTES.

GROUSE-SHOOTERS enjoyed on Saturday last the best Twelfth that has been experienced for many years. The weather was all that could be desired in most places, although here and there rain fell or mist lay on the hills, and the shooting seems to promise a very good season. At Studley Royal the King, who is on a visit to the Marquess of Ripon, had a capital day's sport, five hundred and seventy brace of birds falling to six guns. It was misty in the morning, but cleared up as the sun gained strength, and became oppressively hot afterwards. In Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmorland, Derbyshire and Wales very good shooting was had. In Scotland, although there was comparatively little shooting, it was of a satisfactory description. The worst report comes from Sutherland, where the birds seem to have suffered severely from the drought, a great many dead being found, and the bags made did not at all come up to what was anticipated.

Even those who are not interested in agriculture will find it advantageous to study the third part of the Agricultural Statistics for 1910, which has just been issued from Whitehall. In it Mr. R. H. Rew makes a most useful comparison between the prices in the last decade of the nineteenth century and the first decade of the twentieth century. In all farming products there has been an advance. The price of wheat is six per cent. higher, of oats three per cent. Beef and mutton have been about twopence per eight pounds higher. Store cattle have risen to the extent of from two to twelve per cent., and store sheep from eight to fifteen per cent. Breeders have not benefited as much as might have been expected from this rise, because it corresponds with an increase in the price of feeding-stuffs. Let it be added that the prices of bacon, cheese, butter, eggs and potatoes have all advanced, and it will become evident that the cost of living to the working-man is much greater now than it was in the last ten years of the nineteenth century. This, no doubt, has a great deal to do with the unrest that is making itself felt in the world of labour, for with increased prices a sovereign to-day will certainly not purchase the amount of food that it would have done ten years ago.

By collating the information given by various correspondents in our columns, it would be easy to make an instructive essay on natural history in a droughty season. The heat has produced some unexpected phenomena, perhaps the most remarkable being the vast multiplication in the number of frogs, animals which it was generally thought prospered most in moist and humid seasons. It seems, however, that the frog flourishes equally well in dry weather, and, as he has few enemies, he is in danger of becoming a nuisance. Yet the greatest plague is undoubtedly the wasp, which has invaded the orchards just as the plums are ripening. He bores both into this fruit and into the apples, to their destruction and also to the danger of the human consumer. There is nothing more dangerous than the attempt to swallow a wasp; yet no season passes without accidents of the kind happening, for the insect is often so well concealed within the fruit that he is taken into the mouth unwittingly. Of course, the peril lies in a sting at the back of the mouth, which may easily have the effect of stopping the breathing. The house-fly, which did not exist in large numbers at the beginning of the year, has broken out into a perfect torment recently,

and as there is no "Swat the Fly" crusade in this country, he is allowed to pursue his mischievous career with impunity.

One sees it stated in the newspapers that the records for temperature, etc., only go back for fifty years. There is in the "Natural History of Selborne" a very precise account of the years 1781 and 1783 which could pass very well as a description of the present unusually hot and dry summer. The temperature, we are told, "in the hot villages about London" was as high as 83deg. or 84deg., though in Selborne, being hilly and woody, the thermometer hardly exceeded 80deg. In 1781 the peach and nectarine trees in the Vicarage garden at Selborne suffered so much from the heat that the rind on the bodies was scalded and came off, "since which the trees have been in a decaying state." The reference to the effect of the weather on the apples would stand, word for word, in 1911: "My apples were coddled, as it were, on the trees; so that they had no quickness of flavour and w^d not keep in the winter. This circumstance put me in mind of what I have heard travellers assert, that they never ate a good apple in the South of Europe, where the heats were so great as to render the juices vapid and insipid." There are plenty of apples, as of plums, on the trees, but both are under-sized and fall off in great quantities. It is too soon to taste the plums, except in pies; but the flavour of the few apples one is tempted to nibble in picking them up from the ground certainly lack "quickness."

The other description of 1783 also fits the present season admirably: "The heat was so intense that butchers' meat c^d hardly be eaten the day after it was killed; and the flies swarmed so in the lanes and hedges, that they rendered the horses half frantic, and riding irksome." Flies and wasps are this year a great pest, invading our lives in number, and with a ferocity quite beyond all records. It is interesting to notice how the arid fields have sent the birds into the scarcely less arid gardens, and made them as friendly and familiar as in the time of great frost. A robin ventures into the stable, and is undismayed by the brisk movements of the broom, simply hopping aside. We should expect this of the robin in the late year when he gets friendly and wants companionship; but the other birds, without the pertness, are almost as sociable, the blackbirds walking about as tame as chickens and almost as unmindful of the cat.

DIAN'S ROBES.

A moorhen gliding from her nest,—
A heron flapping by alone,—
A vole that sits to sleek his vest
Ere diving from his island stone.

Shy creatures that in coverts lurk—
A mortal thrill at sight of these
As at a glimpse of Dian's robes
A flutter through the farthest trees.

ANNA BUNSTON.

No season can be too hot for the bees, and it is gratifying to hear from all the various districts in England that the honey harvest is one of the best on record. In the southern part of the country it has been brought to a premature conclusion by the effect of the drought on the lime blossom; but even so, the results are highly satisfactory. In Devonshire a hundred pounds weight of honey is not an unusual return from a single hive, while returns of forty and fifty pounds are common. This, of course, will be of very great benefit to bee-keeping cottagers to whom the return for honey is of great importance. It may even induce many farmers who have not previously done so to enter into this branch of their calling. No doubt the returns would have been still better but for the ravages of the Isle of Wight disease. The stocks in many of the bee-keeping counties have been so greatly depleted that there are not hives enough to yield any important return, and it is greatly to be feared that the fruit-growing industry will be adversely affected by the diminution in the number of hives.

According to the *Wine Trade Review* it appears to be almost certain that the present season will take an honourable place among those which are noted for their vintage. From Bordeaux comes the information that the yield will be at least up to the average and the quality fine. In the champagne country the vines are free from disease, and unless something unforeseen should happen the quality will be very fine. From Beaune it is announced that the finer growths of Burgundy will be of excellent character. The best report that has been issued for many a year is to hand from Cognac. There will be a slight reduction in quantity, but the bounteous sunshine insures that

the brandy will be of the highest quality. The prospects for the white wines of Germany are equally good. In Oporto it is expected that the yield will be about equal to that of last year, and the quality greatly superior. Spain and Italy are having their full share of a good wine season; so that altogether it may be expected that the vintage of 1911 will be one to be cherished by the connoisseurs of the future.

In the droughtiest days of July, when pasture for the dairy cows was almost impossible to find, and the cows themselves, as a natural consequence, were refusing to give their proper supply of milk, we happened to pass through a young orchard, where the trees had still but slender stems, which had a fine growth of ungrazed feed. No cows were turned in to eat it, and yet we had only lately been listening to the lamentations of the owner of this rising orchard that his cows were giving him hardly any milk. So we took the trouble to ask him why he did not avail himself of this supply of pasture going to waste in the orchard and turn his cows in upon it, to which his answer was that he was afraid to do so in case they might rub against the small stems of the young trees and break them. That is a fear that need not be entertained if the cows are turned in for a short while only each day. Hungry cows will not stop to rub themselves on the trees; they will be too busy eating. In our July weather they might safely have been left for an hour and a-half each morning in such an orchard as this, with the best results on their milk supply. It is a hint that others, situated like our friend, may be pleased to take.

While Kent were struggling in the throes of adversity against Lancashire at Canterbury, and Surrey falling an easy prey to their neighbours from Lord's, Leicestershire, for the first time this season, were tasting the sweets of victory. Yorkshire, of all counties, was the one fated to be their victim, and an innings and 20 runs the ample margin of defeat. The honours of the game fell to the Leicestershire bowlers, Shipman in the first innings capturing seven wickets, while King in the second secured eight. This is by far the finest performance that either bowler has accomplished for a long time, though it must be admitted that the Yorkshire batting was too bad to be true. Rhodes, who has so often laid the foundation of a winning total for his side, failed to score in either innings; but in spite of that, and of the fact that heavy rain at Leicester undoubtedly affected the wicket, no one was prepared for such an ignominious collapse, and their second innings dismissal for 47 is an event on which Yorkshire will scarcely look back with pride. All the same, Leicestershire played throughout like a winning team, and are to be thoroughly congratulated on their success.

Everywhere people are speculating on the results likely to be produced by the payment of Members of Parliament. Little effect may be looked for on the present House of Commons; but when another General Election occurs it may fairly be expected that an increased number of the poor and needy will look towards a Parliamentary career as a means of subsistence. In other words, the payment of Members is bound to encourage the professional politician. The Labour Members will become less dependent on the funds of their organisations; but it is open to doubt whether they will, generally speaking, be enabled to throw off the bonds of discipline by which they are at present held. One corollary to the payment of Members has not been very fully grasped. It is that those who serve on juries will now assert with great force that if service in Parliament is to be remunerated, service in a court of law is equally entitled to payment. It will give point to a great deal of dissatisfaction about the jury system that is known to be prevalent and only requires articulate expression.

When the inevitable rain-storm brings the long-continued drought to an end, certain difficult problems of sanitation will have to be solved, or, if they are not, an outbreak of fever is almost certain. During the dry weather that universal cleanser—water—has to a great extent disappeared, and dead animals, ripe fruit and other products have been allowed to rot in neglected corners. We have been particularly struck with the condition of many cattle-yards and pig-sties which closely adjoin farmhouses. They are at present as dry as tinder, but the materials for putrefaction have been steadily accumulating and rain is practically certain to make them sources of danger. In these circumstances it behoves the sanitary authorities to be on their mettle. Every medical authority knows the dangers that arise when drain-pipes that have accumulated filth during a long spell of dry weather are suddenly flushed. District and rural councils would be well advised to consider the situation in time, and with the advice of the medical officers of health take such steps as may be considered locally advisable towards

reducing the possibilities of contagion. Water, it must be remembered, is a potent carrier of germs, and so are the flies.

Painting as a profession is probably one of the happiest callings a man can have. At least, one may very well come to that conclusion from noticing the great length of days which is often attained by artists. The latest case is that of Josef Israels, who has been accurately described as "the undoubtedly head of the modern Dutch school." He passed away on Monday at the ripe age of eighty-seven, and it may be said of him that he had learned what posterity was likely to think of his work. His reputation has been growing as steadily as did that of Lord Tennyson in his later years. He was a man, too, of great decision and energy, who began life with the ambition of making his name as a great historical painter. When his first picture of this kind proved to be a failure, however, he threw himself on his own resources and began to give us those exquisite portrayals of the life of the poor people round Katwyk, the seaport where he lived. In other words, he laid aside tradition and gave us what he saw with his own eyes and recognised with his own mind. He was a genuine artist, and his works are likely to remain long in request.

SEA LAVENDER.

Sweet sea lavender, child of the mist,
Born of the sea and mere,
Who would dream such an exquisite Queen
Dwelt on the salttings drear—
Still, in a robe of delicate sheen
E'en, though autumn is near.

Far from the haunts of men, and things,
Swept by wind and tide,
Laved by the waves at morn, and eve
When the sea makes river wide :
Yet bewitchingly fair—in your mauve and grey,
Meet for a merman's bride.

Even if ruthless afar I bear
From your shell-strewn shore away,
Lasting your charm : in the city's moil,
For many, and many a day ;
I shall see in your eyes the mists, and mere,
The sea and salttings grey.

L. J. H.

For some little time past a very serious disease has been attacking the chickens of this country. The disease is described as diphtheritic roup, and is very infectious. The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, as usual, when confronted with a new problem, seems to be helpless. A case occurred not long ago when a purchaser of a number of cockerels found that they were all afflicted with this disease. Several choices of action were open to him. He could sell the birds, and thus scatter disease over the country. He could cure them as well as he could, and fatten such of them as recovered for the table. In that case his fowl-run would be a centre of infection for a long time to come. Thirdly, it was possible for him to kill and burn the lot; and that really is the satisfactory method of dealing with this disease. At any rate, it is the only way in which to stop it from spreading. The Board of Agriculture, however, does not seem able to take any step towards safeguarding the health of chickens.

From the report of Mr. W. F. Marwood, the Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Trade at the head of the Railway Department, it is apparent that there has been an increase in the railway accidents during 1910. It is not, however, so large as to be alarming. The risk amounts to this: that one passenger is killed for seventy-two million journeys made, and one passenger is injured for two million two hundred thousand. This is the nearest approximation that can be made; yet it is an over-statement, since it takes no account of the journeys made by season ticket-holders. The increase last year over the average number killed in the years 1905-09 was nil, but a larger number were injured. It will be remembered that the year witnessed serious accidents at Stoat's Nest, Ormskirk, Willesden and Hawes Junction.

It is just as well that people who want to plant covert or young plantation should be disillusioned of the fond fancy that the Corsican pine may be used with confidence in its reputed immunity from rabbits. In certain lists that have been published of trees and shrubs with this recommendation, this particular variety of the pine has been given a high place of honour. Led or misled by seeing it thus placed, many people

have planted Corsicans in rabbit-frequented spots, and have found to their wonder that the rabbit would not only eat the young pines in severe stress of weather, as when snow lay thick for a long while together, but that they actually seemed to have rather a fancy for this food. The probability is, however, that the dislike of the rabbit for this pine is only relative, that there are other kinds of food, and even other varieties of pine, that he will take in preference, and that the lists referred to were compiled by people whose experience was taken from places where the rabbits could always find other food that they preferred. Corsicans, generally speaking, enjoy little of the immunity claimed.

The extraordinary weather conditions of the year have been playing curious practical jokes on those who lay out their gardens so that they may be gay at special seasons. Thus those whose garden design is arranged for beauty of bloom in the autumn may find their calculations upset by the flowering of their favourites many weeks before the customary date, and quite over by the time they had been expecting them. The dahlias, which we commonly see in bloom about the end of September, or even later, were appearing in flower in the very first days of August in the South. Scotland, except in the extreme North, has enjoyed, or suffered under—according to

the point of view—its share in the warmth and drought and the consequent precocity of bloom, and many who have planned their gardens for their autumnal visit will have found their beauty largely spent before that season of grouse-shooting which lures people northward.

Many pond fish, such as the perch and the king carp, have been dying, not as a consequence of any sewage effluent or of coal-tar washings from roads, such as have proved fatal to many good trout streams, but merely because in the continued dry and hot weather the water of their ponds has grown stale and quite without aeration. These fish are very enduring of conditions of the kind, but evidently there is a point at which such conditions may become too severe for them. The fatality, however, or danger of fatality, is not restricted to the fish themselves, for we have heard of cases in which cattle have been suffering from intestinal trouble, and it has been ascribed to drinking the water from these ponds, which has been rendered insanitary by so many of the fish dying in them. It is not surprising that this should be so, for the dead fish have been taken out in tubfuls. Cattle themselves seem to have a wonderful immunity from the ills which we might expect them to contract from drinking tainted water, but with them again there seems to be a point at which their immunity fails.

CHAFFINCHES IN THE GARDEN.

"WHEN are you going to finish the story of Plump and Pinkie, your pet garden chaffinches?" a friend asked me. "Did you not manage to get photographs of Plump, the cock?" I wrote of these birds two years ago for *COUNTRY LIFE* (July 17th, 1909), and gave an account of their first attempts at housekeeping. Time is more compressed for chaffinches than for us humans. Plump and Pinkie, still faithful to one another, still strong, vigorous birds—this year building in the recesses of a close-bound Irish yew—are, though possibly they know it not, great-grand-parents. But let us return to their story of two years ago, when their hopes of first offspring, after the ruin of their first nest, were finally rewarded.

The second nest was firmly placed, resting on the branch of an apple tree, and the iron wire on which it trailed. Pinkie had kept her eggs warm for a fortnight. Day by day she had allowed them little airings while she got her nourishment, and then at Nature's instinctive bidding she had carefully turned them in the hair-lined nest, keeping the tiny yolk in the centre of each egg. It was on June 20th that I saw her standing on the edge of her nest with the gaze of motherhood in her face. I set up the camera near her, thinking to get my first picture of Pinkie feeding tiny little mouths. But she sat close and would not budge. I then thought I would try to get a photograph

of her taking food from my hand while on her nest, but I searched all my pockets in vain for even a morsel of walnut or for a sunflower seed.

Annoyed at my impoverishment, not a crumb or seed even in the lowest corners of my trousers pockets, I looked round for a substitute. There were currant bushes behind me. I searched them now for a caterpillar, but Pinkie and Plump with far keener eyes than mine had been there before me. As a last resource I plucked a green currant, intending to try and deceive Pinkie, who still sat quietly on her nest. Pinkie expected food, and allowed

me to bring my fingers holding the currant almost concealed quite near her. Disappointed in her expectancy of nut, she drew her head back, well between her shoulders. I released the camera shutter, and then gave her my apologies for partially deceiving her, promising to do better next time.

Next time was the morrow, and Pinkie was rewarded for her confiding tameness with a large piece of walnut, as shown in the illustration. She quietly and fearlessly nibbled the nut while I held it for her. When her beak was full she raised herself gently, hopped on to the edge of the nest, turned round and quietly touched a little one's head. Up popped an open mouth, in Jack-in-the-box style, and was promptly packed with nut crumb, which slipped down the long transparent, almost naked neck, and visibly bulged the diminutive crop. The same process



PINKIE REFUSES A CURRANT.



ACCEPTING A WALNUT

was repeated with a second birdling, and then I discovered there were but two young ones in the nest, two eggs remaining unbroken. The following day I secured the next illustration of the mother chaffinch on the edge of the nest with mouth full of flies and caterpillars.

It was my ambition now to get a photograph of Plump, the cock chaffinch. But recently tamed by the good example of his mate, he still feared the camera. I set it up on its stand quite unconcealed at a distance of six feet from the nest, and stood by quietly watching Pinkie feed her young ones, hoping the cock bird would gather enough courage to face the camera. At last, in the absence of Pinkie, Plump showed himself at the back of the nest rather nervously with food in his beak. I snapped him forthwith; and finding no harm done, he soon began to ignore the camera, and even visited the nest when the camera was at a distance of only three feet. In one illustration he is plainly shown in the sunlight on the side of the nest. His beak is full of nut crumb, and it has just begun to descend towards the hungry, insatiable little mouth raised above the top level of the nest on a swaying, upstretched baby neck. In several of the photographs the baby clothing of down is plainly visible.

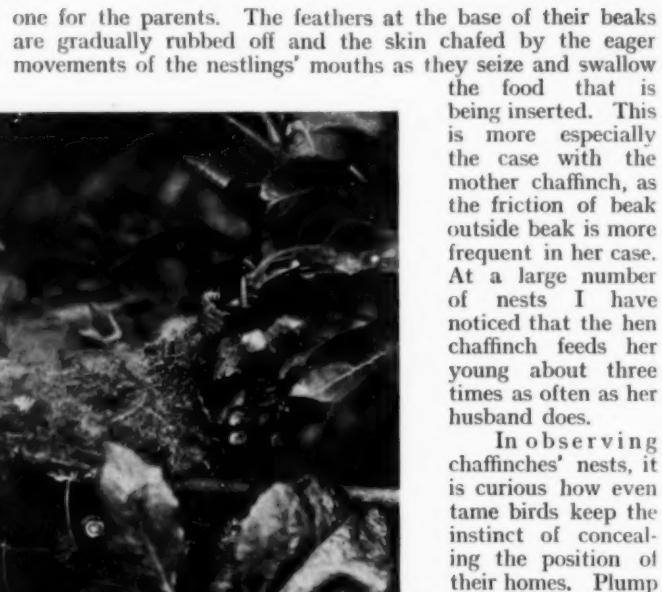
I have always admired Nature's cunning device for changing

the clothing of baby birds without letting them run the risk of catching cold. The down does not first fall off to make way for the feathers, but the feathers grow, their tips fastened to the roots of the down, and gradually push the down before them. As the suit of feathers grows complete the down is gradually rubbed off by the activities of the young bird. In another illustration the youngster that is being fed has a quaint appearance, with a big plume of down lightly attached to his head-

feathers. Into his open mouth his father's food-laden beak is being inserted. Plump turning his head to make the process easier. As the little birds approach the time when they will leave the nest, the feeding process is not altogether a pleasant



A BEAKFUL OF LIVE FOOD.



THE COCK FEEDING THE FLEDGELING.

one for the parents. The feathers at the base of their beaks are gradually rubbed off and the skin chafed by the eager movements of the nestlings' mouths as they seize and swallow the food that is being inserted. This is more especially the case with the mother chaffinch, as the friction of beak outside beak is more frequent in her case. At a large number of nests I have noticed that the hen chaffinch feeds her young about three times as often as her husband does.

In observing chaffinches' nests, it is curious how even tame birds keep the instinct of concealing the position of their homes. Plump and Pinkie, instead of flying across the slope of the fruit garden straight to the low bough of the trailing apple tree on which was their nest, would first fly right over it, across the path into a high tree beyond. They then would slip across the path to the apple tree very quietly and, for the most part, unperceived. Anyone watching the flight across the garden and into the big tree would not have readily divined where the nest was. Knowing this trait of chaffinches, and, indeed, of other small birds, I have sometimes discovered well-concealed nests by waiting and watching for the small final flight from tree to bush.

I was fortunate enough to witness the leaving of the nest by Pinkie's young ones. When they were twelve days old they would stand up and flap their wings most vigorously. Two mornings later I watched Pinkie approach her nest with food. Instead of unhesitatingly feeding her babies, as usual, she waited on a light, swinging branch of a currant bush four feet away, and called, "Quick, quick," clearly enough, though her mouth was alive with food. Immediately one little one hopped out on to the edge of the nest and, seeing its mother and hearing her renewed invitation, flew across to her. She then moved to another branch further away and called again, and the youngster again dutifully followed her. The remaining fledgling now exercised its wings and flew out of itself right into the middle of the currant



THE COCK CHAFFINCH.

bushes. From these bushes Pinkie soon had the little ones high up in a neighbouring tree, safe from the spring and snatches of marauding cats. In the tree-tops they remained for a week. At last, one morning, they came fluttering down, following their mother, and wobbled about wagging their heads, while Pinkie and Plump fed them with the nut I provided. In a few days they were ready to pick up the dainties I flicked near them, and soon became as confidingly tame as their mother.

Pinkie and Plump then separated, and were seemingly as strangers to one another; at times even as foes in rivalry for



A WALNUT FOR A BABY.

succulent food. My experience of garden chaffinches is that they mate for life, and year after year build their nests in the same part of the garden, though not necessarily in the same bush or hedge. I have only known one pair of chaffinches go to nest a second time after successfully rearing a brood. But after the estrangement of autumn and winter, conjugal love is stirred up by the warm sun of spring, quarrels are forgotten and the old birds quietly pair up with the same partners while their last year's offspring are engaged in all the excitement and rivalry of their first wooing and mating.

BERNARD BUTLER.

IN THE GARDEN.

BULBOUS PLANTS FOR THE ROCK GARDEN.

DURING recent years the general trend of gardening has been slowly but surely towards the dictates of Nature. As their habitats have become better known, gardeners, using the word in its broadest sense, have endeavoured to furnish plants with conditions as closely as possible approaching those they would be accustomed to in a wild state, with the result that our gardens to-day wear a more natural and beautiful aspect than they have ever done before. Not only, however, do we find the desire to give plants as nearly as possible natural conditions has a beautifying effect on our gardens; the very fact that a more natural result is thus obtained induces us to seek after plants that are but little known, but which will adapt themselves to our natural style of gardening. A large number of the dainty little bulbous flowers of autumn and spring are now finding homes in many gardens, and it is to their suitability for the nooks and bays of the rock garden that I would draw attention.

Though some may raise the objection that this is not quite a natural system of growing these plants, it is one that suits many kinds admirably, and even the boldest critic would not, I think, assert that, providing proper care in selection and planting is observed, they impart to the rock garden anything approaching an artificial aspect. Many positions in the rock garden provide a congenial home for these dwarf-growing bulbs, which give beauty and colour to their surroundings some weeks in advance of the more legitimate alpines. Their foliage is usually so dwarf and sparse that it does no injury to other plants in close proximity, and the bulbs get the advantage of being allowed to remain undisturbed for a number of years, a cultural detail the importance of which to many kinds is as yet but little understood.

If, however, we are going to utilise bulbous plants for our rock gardens, we must, as already indicated, exercise proper

care in their selection and planting, as well as in choosing suitable positions. These little gems of the bulb world never look more charming than when planted in irregular-shaped colonies, small or large, according to their surroundings and space available. To plant single bulbs is to lose the beauty of the flowers, and is against the teachings of Nature. The position in the rock garden will naturally vary with the kind to be planted, and will depend not a little on the time of flowering. Thus, if we would grow the beautiful and fragrant little Iris reticulata or the naked Bulbocodium vernum, we must, owing to their early date of flowering, give them shelter from cutting east and north winds, and if the shelter of a partially overhanging rock can be secured to check heavy rains, so much the better. On the other hand, such kinds as the beautiful little blue Glory of the Snow (*Chionodoxa luciliae*) and *Scilla sibirica* will withstand the severest weather that our spring is capable of producing, and may be planted in the most exposed position. Such details as these must, however, necessarily be learned by experience and a close study of the plants in different localities, as so much depends upon local conditions. Generally speaking, however, the kinds named below will thrive with a modicum of shelter from cold winds in nearly all districts, such protection being desirable for the preservation of the flowers, not because the plants themselves are tender.

Of Narcissi alone there are at least four eminently suited for the rock garden: *Bulbocodium*, or the Hoop-petticoat Daffodil as it is frequently called, the dainty little *minimus*, *triandrus* and *cyclamineus*. All are of lowly stature, and quite in place in the best rock gardens. If a taller Daffodil can be admitted, use W. P. Milner. It grows about nine inches high and is a most exquisite flower. The autumn-flowering Crocuses were dealt with a few weeks ago, but there are several of the spring-flowering section admirably adapted for our purpose. *Susianus*, *Sieberi*, *Imperati* and *chrysanthus* are a few that come to mind, though there are some others that could be brought into use.

For a damp bay the Snake's-head Fritillary (*Fritillaria Meleagris*) is a quaint and beautiful flower that loses none of



ON HIS FAVOURITE BLOSSOM.

its charm by being a native of some parts of England. Snowdrops and their close allies the *Leucojums*, *Brodiaea uniflora*, the beautiful little Grape Hyacinths, especially *Muscari conicum* Heavenly Blue, the striped Squill, *Puschkinia libanotica*, with its white blossoms striped porcelain blue, *Tulipa Batalinii* and *T. Greigii*, with *Zephyranthes candidans*, are a few of many kinds that may be introduced to the rock garden without fear of marring its beauty or doing any appreciable injury to the other occupants.

F. W. H.



HARVEST.

LALAGE'S LOVERS



By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

CHAPTER XIX.

I CONGRATULATED my mother that night on her success in dealing with Lalage.

"Your combination," I said, "of tact, firmness, sympathy and reasonableness was most masterly."

My mother smiled gently. I somehow gathered from her way of smiling that she thought my congratulations premature.

"Surely," I said, "you don't think she'll break out again? She made you a definite promise."

"She'll keep her promise to the letter," said my mother, still smiling in the same way.

"If she does," I said, "she can't do anything very bad."

It turned out—it always does—that my mother was right and I was wrong. The next morning at breakfast a note was handed to me by the footman. He said it had been brought over from Thormanby Park by a groom on horseback. It was marked "Urgent" in red ink.

I opened it with some anxiety, and found that Thormanby ordered me—that was the tone in which he wrote—to go to him at once.

"I can't imagine what has gone wrong," I said. "Do you think that Miss Battersby can have gone suddenly mad and assaulted one of the girls with a battle-axe?"

"It is far more likely that Lalage has done something," said my mother.

I arrived at Thormanby Park shortly after ten o'clock. The door was opened to me by Miss Battersby. She confessed that she had been watching for me from the window of the morning-room, which looks out over the drive. She squeezed my hand when greeting me, and held it so long that I was sure she was suffering from some acute anxiety. She also spoke breathlessly, in a sort of gasping whisper, as if she had been running hard.

"I'm so glad you've come," she said. "I knew you would. Lord Thormanby is waiting for you in the library. I do hope you won't say anything to make it worse. You'll try not to, won't you?"

I gathered from this that it, whatever it was, must be very bad already.

"Lalage?" I said.

Miss Battersby nodded solemnly.

"My mother told me it must be before I started."

"If you could," said Miss Battersby, persuasively, "and if you would—"

"I can and will," I said. "What is it?"

"I don't know. But I can't bear to think of poor little Lalage bearing all the blame."

"I can't well take the blame," I said, "although I'm perfectly willing to do so, unless I can find out what it is she's done."

"I don't know. I wish I did. There was a letter from her this morning to Lord Thormanby, but he didn't show it to me."

"If it's in her hand-writing," I said, "there's no use my saying I wrote it. He wouldn't believe me. But if it's type-written and not signed, I'll say it's mine."

"Oh, I wouldn't ask you to do so much as that. Besides, it wouldn't be true."

"It won't be true in any case," I said, "if I take even part of the blame."

"But you mustn't say what isn't true."

Thormanby was certainly in a very bad temper. He was sitting at the far side of a large writing-table when I entered the

room. He did not rise or shake hands with me. He simply pushed a letter across the table towards me with the end of a paper-knife. His action gave me the impression that the letter was highly infectious.

"Look at that," he said.

I looked, and saw at once that it was in Lalage's hand-writing. I was obliged to give up the idea of claiming it as mine.

"Why don't you read it?" said Thormanby.

"I didn't know you wanted me to. Do you?"

"How the deuce are you to know what's in it if you don't read it?"

"It's quite safe, I suppose?"

"Safe? Safe? What do you mean?"

"When I saw you poking at it with that paper-knife I thought it might be poisoned."

Thormanby growled, and I took up the letter. Lalage has a courteous but perfectly lucid style.

"Dear Lord Thormanby," I read, "as a member of the Diocesan Synod you are, I feel sure, quite as anxious as I am that only a really suitable man should be elected Bishop. I therefore enclose a carefully-drawn list of the necessary and desirable qualifications for that office." You have the list?" I said.

"Yes. She sent the thing. She has cheek enough for anything."

"Selby-Harrison drew it up, so if there's anything objectionable in it, he's the person you ought to blame, not Lalage."

I felt that I was keeping my promise to Miss Battersby. I had succeeded in implicating another culprit. Not more than half the blame was now Lalage's.

"The *sine quā non*," the letter went on, "are marked with red crosses, the *desiderata* in black." I'm glad," I said, "that she got one plural right. By the way, I wonder what the plural of that phrase really is? It can't be *sines quā non*, and yet *sine quibus* sounds pedantic."

I said this in the hope of mitigating Thormanby's wrath by turning his thoughts into another channel. I failed. He merely growled again. I went on reading the letter.

"You will observe at once that the Archdeacon, whom we should all like to have as our new Bishop, possesses every requirement for the office except one, number fifteen on the enclosed list, marked for convenience of reference with a violet asterisk. What is the missing *sine quā*?" I asked. "Don't tell me if it's private."

"It's—it's—damn it all, look for yourself."

He flung a type-written sheet of foolscap at me. I picked my way carefully among the red and black crosses until I came to the violet asterisk.

"No. 15. A Bishop must be the husband of one wife.—I. Tim. III. 2.' That's rather a poser," I said, "if true. It seems to me to put the Archdeacon out of the running straight off!"

"No. It doesn't," said Thormanby. "That's where the girl's infernal insolence comes in."

"This obstacle," I read, "though under the present circumstances an absolute bar, is fortunately remedial." I wish Lalage would be more careful," I said. "She ought to have written 'remedial.' However, her meaning is quite plain."

"It gets plainer further on," said Thormanby, grinning.

This was the first time I had seen him grin since I came into the room. I took it for an encouraging sign.

"The suggestion of the obvious remedy," Lalage's letter went on, "must be made by someone, for the Archdeacon has evidently not thought of it himself. It would come particularly well from you, occupying as you do a leading position in the diocese. Unfortunately, the time at our disposal is very short, and it will hardly

do to leave the Archdeacon without some practical suggestion for the immediate remedying of the sad defect. What you will have to offer him is a scheme thoroughly worked out and perfect in every detail. The name of Miss Battersby will probably occur to you at once. I need not remind you of her sweet and lovable disposition. You have been long acquainted with her, and will recognise in her a lady peculiarly well suited to share an episcopal throne."

Thormanby became almost purple in the face as I read out the final sentences. I laid the letter down on the table and tapped it impressively with my forefinger.

"That," I said, "strikes me as a remarkably good suggestion."

Thormanby exploded.

"Of all the damned idiots I've ever met," he said, "you're the worst. Do you mean to say that you expect me to drag Miss Battersby over to the Archdeacon's house and dump her down there in a white satin dress with a wedding ring tied round her neck by a ribbon and a stodgy cake tucked under her arm?"

"I haven't actually worked out all the details," I said. "I am thinking more of the plan in its broad outlines. After all, the Archdeacon isn't married. We can't get over that. If that text of First Timothy's is really binding—I don't myself know whether it is or not, but I'm inclined to take Selby-Harrison's word for it that it is. He's in the Divinity School and has been making a special study of the subject. If he's right, there's no use our electing the Archdeacon and then having the Local Government Board coming down on us afterwards for appointing an unqualified man. You remember the fuss they made when the Urban District Council took on a cookery instructress who hadn't got her diploma."

"That wasn't the Local Government Board. It was the Department of Agriculture. But, in any case, neither the one nor the other of them has anything in the world to do with Bishops."

"Don't you be too sure of that. I expect you'll find they both have if you appoint a man who isn't properly qualified, and the law on the subject is perfectly plain."

"Rot! Lots of Bishops aren't married. Texts of that sort never mean what they seem to mean."

"What's the good of running risks," I said, "when the remedy is in our hands? I don't see that the Archdeacon could do better than Miss Battersby. She's wonderfully sympathetic."

"You'd better go and tell him yourself."

"I would; I'd go like a shot, only most unluckily he's got it into his head that I've taken to drink. He might think, just at first, that I wasn't quite myself if I went to him with a suggestion of that sort."

"There'd be some excuse for him if he did," said Thormanby.

"Whereas if you, who have always been strictly temperate—"

"I didn't send for you," said Thormanby, "to stand there talking like a born fool. What I want you to do—"

He paused and blew his nose with some violence.

"Yes?" I said.

"Is to go and put a muzzle on that girl of Beresford's."

"If you're offering me a choice," I said, "I'd a great deal rather drag Miss Battersby over to the Archdeacon's house and dump her down there in a wedding ring with a white satin dress tied round her neck by a ribbon. I might manage that, but I'm constitutionally unfitted to deal with Lalage. It was you who said you would put her in her place. I told the Archdeacon he could count on you."

"I'll see Beresford to-day, anyhow."

"Not the least use. He's going to one of the South American Republics where there's no extradition."

"I'll speak to your mother about it."

"As a matter of fact," I said, "Lalage is acting strictly in accordance with my mother's instructions in referring this matter to you. Why not try Miss Pettigrew?"

"I will. Who is she?"

"She used to be Lalage's school mistress."

"Does she use the cane?"

"This," I said, "is entirely your affair. I've washed my hands of it, so I'm not even offering advice, but if I were you I'd be careful about anything in the way of physical violence. Remember that Lalage has Selby-Harrison behind her and he knows the law. You can see for yourself, by the way he ferreted out that text of First Timothy's, that he has the brain of a first-rate solicitor."

I left the room after that.

CHAPTER XX.

I DROVE down the long avenue of Thormanby Park and determined to get home as quickly as possible. There is a greenhouse at the bottom of our garden, which at that time was quite unfrequented because something had gone wrong with the heating apparatus and the more delicate plants had been removed from it. I intended to retire to it as soon as I got home, with a hammock chair and a novel. I had every hope of being left in peace there for an hour or so.

That was my plan. It proved, as all my plans do, unworkable, but, as is always the case, through no fault of my own. At the gate lodge of Thormanby Park I met Lalage. She was riding a bicycle, and jumped down as soon as she saw me.

"I'm darting on," she said, "to secure Pussy Battersby."

"Take my advice, Lalage, and don't go on. It's not safe. My uncle is threatening you with all sorts of violence. You can guess the sort of temper he's in."

"Gout?"

"No. Your letter."

"My letter! Oh, yes. I'd forgotten that letter for the

moment. You mean the one I wrote to him about the Archdeacon's marriage?"

"Now you know why you'd better not go near him for a day or two."

"Silly old ass—isn't he?—to lose his temper about that. But I can't stop to argue. I must get Pussy Battersby at once. Hilda's mother is at the Rectory."

"I thought she'd arrive some day. You couldn't expect to keep her at bay for ever. The wonder is that she didn't come long ago."

"She travelled by the night mail, and was rather dishevelled when she arrived, hair a bit tously, a smut on the end of her nose and a general look of crinkliness about her clothes. Hilda has been in floods of tears and sobbing like a steam-engine all morning."

"I don't wonder at all. Any nice-minded girl would. It can't be pleasant for her to see her mother in such a state."

"Don't drivel," said Lalage. "Hilda isn't crying for that. She's not a perfect idiot, whatever you may say."

"I didn't say anything of the sort. I said she was a nice-minded girl."

"Same thing," said Lalage, "and she's not either the one or the other."

"Then why is she crying?"

"Because her mother is taking her home. That's the reason I'm going for Pussy Battersby."

"She'll be a poor substitute for Hilda," I said. "She'll boggle at simony every time."

"What are you talking about now?"

"Miss Battersby. I'm trying to explain that she'll hardly be able to take Hilda's place as the companion of your revels."

"What I'm getting her for," said Lalage, severely, "is to restore the confidence of Hilda's mother. She doesn't trust me one bit—silly of her, isn't it? And she's ragged poor Father into a condition of incoherence."

"Will Miss Battersby be any use? I should hardly have thought her the sort of person who would deal successfully with a frantic mother."

"She's tremendously respectable," said Lalage, "and Hilda's mother will have absolute confidence in her the moment she sees her. Remember how she agreed to that Portugal trip once she knew Pussy was to be with us, and she hadn't even seen her then. When I trot her out there'll be absolutely no further trouble. Good-bye, I must be darting on. You go straight to the Rectory."

Lalage put her foot on the pedal and balanced the bicycle. I stopped her again.

"What am I to do when I get there?" I asked.

"Attend to Hilda's mother, of course."

"Do you mean that I'm to take a basin of hot water and a sponge and wash her nose? I couldn't possibly. I don't know her nearly well enough. I'd hardly venture to do such a thing to Hilda herself."

"I wasn't thinking of the smut on her nose," said Lalage. "What I want you to do is to keep her in play till I get back. I shan't be long, but it's not possible to start Pussy Battersby off on the first hop. She'll want to titivate a little."

"If you think I'll be any use—"

"Of course you will. You're very nearly as respectable to look at as Pussy Battersby."

"I shall hate to see Hilda crying."

"Then cheer her up. Good-bye for the present."

This time Lalage really did mount the bicycle. I drove on in the direction of the Rectory, turning over in my mind various plans for keeping Hilda's mother in play. Some of them were very good plans, which I think would have been successful; but I shall never be certain about that, because I did not have the chance of putting them to the test.

A mile from the Rectory gate I met a car. There was a good deal of luggage piled on the well, and two ladies sat together on one side. I recognised Hilda at once. The other lady I supposed, quite rightly, to be her mother. I ought, I saw afterwards, to have made some effort, even at that eleventh hour, to keep her in play. I do not think I could have succeeded, but it was certainly my duty to try. My nerve, unfortunately, failed, and I simply drove past, raising my hat and bowing sorrowfully to Hilda.

I might, of course, have gone home then; but it occurred to me that it would be interesting to hear a first-hand account of Lalage's interview with Lord Thormanby. I went to the Rectory and waited for her. At about one o'clock she arrived without Miss Battersby. She made no comment at first on the absence of Hilda's mother. Her mind had evidently been turned away from that subject. She flung herself into a chair and dragged furiously at the pins which fastened on her hat. When she had worked them loose she threw the hat itself on the floor.

"Great Scott!" she said. "I've had a time of it! But of course I wasn't going to stand that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?"

"The way he talked, or, rather, tried to talk. I soon stopped him. That's what makes me so hot. I wish you'd seen poor Pussy's face. I was afraid every minute he'd mention her name, and then she would have died of shame. That's just the kind of thing which would make Pussy really ill."

"What did you say to him?"

"I told him that it was his plain duty to put the matter before the Archdeacon, and that if he didn't do it I should simply get someone else, and then he'd jolly well feel ashamed of himself and be afraid to look anyone in the face for weeks and weeks."

"Had you anyone particular in your mind," I asked, "when you said that you'd get somebody else to go to the Archdeacon?"

"Of course I had," said Lalage. "You."

"I was just afraid you might be thinking of that."

"You'll do it, of course?"

"No," I said, "I won't. There are reasons which I gave to my uncle this morning which make it quite impossible for me—"

"You're not thinking of marrying her yourself, are you?"

"Certainly not."

"Then there can't be any real reason—"

"Lalage," I said, "there is. I don't like to mention the subject to you; but the fact is—"

"If it's anything disagreeable I'd much rather not hear it."

"It is, very; though it's not true."

"You appear to be getting into a tangle," said Lalage, "so you'd better not go on. If you're afraid of the Archdeacon—and I suppose that is what your excuse will come to in the end—I'll do it myself. After all, you'd most likely have made a mess of it."

I bore the insult meekly. I was anxious, if possible, to persuade Lalage to drop the idea of marrying the Archdeacon to Miss Battersby.

"Remember your promise to my mother," I said.

"I've kept it. I submitted the matter to Lord Thormanby just as I said I would. If he won't act, I can't help it."

"The Archdeacon will be frightfully angry."

Lalage sniffed slightly. I could see that the thought of the Archdeacon's wrath did not frighten her. I should have been surprised if it had. After facing Thormanby in the morning the Archdeacon would seem nothing.

I adopted another line.

"Are you perfectly certain," I said, "about that text? Don't you think that if it's really in the Bible the Archdeacon would have seen it?"

"He might have overlooked it," said Lalage. "In fact, he must have overlooked it. If he'd come across it he'd have got married at once. Anybody can see that he wants to be a Bishop."

This seemed unanswerable. Yet I could not believe that the Archdeacon, who had been a clergyman for many years, could have failed to read the Epistle in which the verse occurs. I made another effort.

"Most likely," I said, "that text means something quite different."

"It can't. The words are as plain as possible."

"It may," I said, desperately, "merely mean that a Bishop mayn't have two wives."

"Do talk sense," said Lalage. "What would be the point of saying that a Bishop mayn't have two? It's hard enough to get a man like the Archdeacon to have one. Besides, if that's what it means, then other people, not Bishops, are allowed to have two wives, which is perfectly absurd. It would be bigamy, and that's far worse than what the Archdeacon said I'd done. Where's Hilda?"

Lalage's way of dismissing a subject of which she is tired is abrupt but unmistakable. I told her that Hilda and her mother had gone.

"That's a pity," said Lalage. "I should have liked to take Hilda with me this afternoon."

"Are you going to do it so soon?"

"The election is next week," said Lalage, "so we haven't a moment to lose."

"Well," I said, "if you're really going to do it, I shall be greatly obliged if you'll let me know afterwards exactly what the Archdeacon says."

"I will if you like," said Lalage. "But there won't be anything to tell you. He'll simply thank me for bringing the point under his notice."

"I'm not a betting man, but if I were I'd wager a pretty large sum that whatever the Archdeacon does he won't thank you."

"Have you any reason to suppose that he has a special objection to Pussy Battersby?"

"None in the world. I'm sure he respects her. We all do."

"Then I don't see what you mean by saying that he won't thank me. He's a tiresome old thing, especially when he tries to be polite, which he's always doing; but he's not by any means a fool where his own interests are concerned. He'll see at once that I'm doing him a kindness."

I found nothing more to say, so I left Lalage. I had, at all events, done my best. I drove home.

(To be continued.)

FLOWERED FIELDS

WHEN Pan, blowing upon his reeds, hastens through the woods and fields, he draws after him by the subtle magic of his melody the hearts of men. His charmed lute, from which he frees the captured song of the breezes, is one of Nature's lures; since, beautiful



J. M. Whithead.

HIGH SUMMER.

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as she is, she yet must use her wiles to constrain the errant fancies of her following, and by a thousand moving gifts of her fair self woo her hesitant votaries even to her lightest mood. For man, though of Nature's own fashioning, is never quite at one with her, even while it is in the embrace of her motherhood that he first perceives the Ideal that presages a dearer union, and from her embrace he slips away with recovered hope in the possibility of a greater and final attainment.

Between man and the Earth-Mother there exists always that dividing element of the unattained which leaves the soul haunted by visions, the essence of whose loveliness lies in their being illimitable. To live always with senses attuned to the calls of that illimitable is to dwarf the spiritual vision, and so man, ashamed, protesting, with an ache in his breast, escapes from an embrace that can never wholly satisfy to rest upon a level of emotion less exalted. Not escaping, like the dweller among hills, he may become the victim of his temperament and, through continued contemplation of the grandeur and everlasting remoteness of the mountains that hem about his vision, become her slave.

woven here for each his own particular web; and into that web from out the past he whose own range is limited may gather the brighter or darker threads that have pleased or displeased his fancy, so that for him, too, her running brooks are Naiad-haunted; Driads are imprisoned in her plaintive woods, where leafy tree tops sway to the music of her gentle zephyrs. Daphne, pursued by Apollo, to escape the amorous god is changed into a laurel, the legend of her transformation weaving a web of mystery about the fragrant shrub whose leaves entwined have rested upon the brow of many a victor, provoking no disdain. Again, Narcissus, stooping over the fountain and seeing his own reflection in the waters, falling sick for love of it, will ever with myosotis be remembered; while Ophelia, in her madness, out of a half-forgotten wisdom, proffers rosemary and rue as symbolic of those sad thoughts that turn ceaselessly in her tormented brain, seeking through them expression.

And so of the flowers which each season of the floral year scatters by hedgerow and over field; not one but has its legendary message to impart, that message which the warlike Greeks and Romans did not disdain to seek out when at their



J. M. Whitchurch.

NATURE'S BORDER

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So might a man, all recollection of home and friends swept from mind and heart, take to the open road as seeking to enter therefrom the Elysian fields, the spell of whose enchantment lies close to the spiritual entity in the hour of Nature's dominance. But this is not so with that ego which, suspecting her powers, protects himself against them; for to live close to Nature, to understand her, to fear none and to love all of her moods, is the peculiar heritage of poets which, aspired to by lesser mortals, tempts the gods. Such as remain, when all poets are told, would do well to woo, though they may never hope to win, her. These are initiated, through distant contemplation of her loveliness, into the divinities of a perfection which it lies beyond their power to attain to, and which it is for their souls' good to have but half known.

The poet, from time immemorial, like a true lover, has sought for and found in his mistress' beauty his happiest inspiration; and, Nature being the true poet's mistress, there has sprung up around her flowers of fancy, immortal as is she. The imagination of man, in the variety of its individuality, has

feasts they crowned themselves with wreaths of flowers, in contradiction to that statement of Ruskin which finds the soldier scorning a crown other than the bay. Says Keats:

Garlands of every tree, and every scent,
From vales defloured, or forest-trees branch-rent,
In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought,
High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
Of every guest, that each as he did please
Might fancy fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease.

The warrior, being a creature of sentiment, when caught up in a common emotion, here accepted without question the poetical convention that crowned the feasts with a chaplet of flowers and the victory with a wreath of laurel, not fearing lest the delicacy and beauty of his adornment make mock of his manhood. No less a man was he then than when, as a lover, he fashioned in a posy a fragrant message for his mistress.

And now, to make an end, when summer halts upon her going and the first faint breath of autumn rustles the sedges and sweeps across the stubble, comes illusion to

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J. M. Whitehead.

SULTRY NOON.

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F. M. Sutcliffe.

IN THE ORCHARD GRASS.

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deck out the once flower-starred fields in splendour, so that once again

There is a singing in the summer air,
The blue and brown moths flutter o'er the grass,
The stubble bird is croaking in the wheat,
And, perched upon the honey-suckle hedge,
Pipes the green linnet. Oh, the golden world!

J. L. H.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

A SWALLOW'S NEST AT HIGH ALTITUDE.

WHILE visiting a Highland loch lying at a height of 1,600ft. above sea-level, we were somewhat surprised to see a swallow emerge from an old shooting-lodge in the vicinity of the loch. We discovered the nest—containing one fresh egg—built on a ledge of wood above the verandah. The nest was of somewhat curious shape, and very closely resembled that of a grey wagtail which had nested on the same beam. The date—July 28th—was distinctly late for commencing the cares of rearing a family, and the elevation—over 1,600ft. above sea-level—is probably a record height for the nesting of the swallow in this country. The swift probably nests much higher, for it is constantly seen among the precipices of mountains, between 3,000ft. and 4,000ft. high; but the swallow is more domestic and rarely leaves the vicinity of farms and outhouses during the nesting season.

DEER AND A CHANGE OF WEATHER.

The heat wave broke in the Highlands on July 14th, and the last fortnight of the month has been very unsettled, with a good deal of rain. We happened to be on the hills on the 26th of the month, and towards evening large herds of stags began to make their way down to the low grounds. Every now and again they paused in their descent, and gambolled about like calves, occasionally charging each other in a playful manner. At times a large herd would stand stock still for a few moments before rushing headlong down the hillside. By dusk all the stags in the neighbourhood had descended to the pass. The stalker who was with us was of opinion that a storm was brewing, but this seemed very improbable, as the glass was high and rising. The deer on this occasion turned out to be better prophets than the barometer, for during the night the wind rose, and next morning broke very stormy, with a high wind and heavy rain. The mist was low on the hills, and continued so till late afternoon, when the sun broke through and the weather hardened somewhat. We remarked upon the luxuriance of the grass in the higher corries. Up to 4,000ft. there is an excellent growth in sheltered situations, and the deer have capital feeding—considerably better than last year. The dry hot weather of May was favourable to growth on the hillsides, and the rains during the present month have also been beneficial.

THEIR CLIMBING POWERS.

The hill stags are still somewhat thin, but are fast getting into condition, and most of the animals have a fine new coat. We had occasion the other day to remark on the wonderful agility shown by a hill stag in ascending a steep, almost perpendicular, corrie. Our attention was drawn to the beast by the

rumbling of a large rock which it had dislodged in its ascent, and it seemed well-nigh impossible for the stag to climb over the slippery rock and reach the top of the corrie. Not only did the animal surmount the difficulty, but it made extraordinarily good time up the steep face, and on reaching the summit trotted out of sight over the plateau as if in nowise wearied by its exertions.

AN EAGLE'S STRANGE NESTING-SITE.

In the Highlands of Scotland the golden eagle not infrequently nests in an ancient Scotch fir in preference to a rock, but until a few days ago we had never known of one condescending to construct its eyrie in a birch. It was while passing through a narrow glen linking two valleys that we came across the eyrie. It was situated on the outskirts of a straggling birch wood at a height of some 1,600ft. above sea-level, and was quite near the path. The tree on which the eyrie was situated was growing on a steep hillside, and as the nest was only some 10ft. above the ground it was possible to look right into it from above. As we approached the nesting-site we saw one of the eaglets rise from near the eyrie and fly somewhat clumsily across the narrow glen, alighting on the further side, and peering anxiously about it. After a few minutes it seemed to consider that it had not put a sufficient distance between itself and its enemies, for it once more rose and soared off down the glen in quite excellent style. After a time it alighted about a quarter of a mile from us among some long heather. On reaching the eyrie we found it empty, but evidently the birds had been there very recently, for remains of various kinds of prey were scattered about, and we noticed a rabbit's skull in a good state of preservation. Rabbits simply swarm in the neighbourhood, so the eagle can have had no difficulty in providing her chicks with plenty of food. In the eyrie was lying a branch of heather, pulled quite recently and with the blossoms still on it. This was interesting, for in an eyrie which we had visited that morning, and which had not been tenanted for some time, we found a similar branch of heather. From the remains of old sticks lying beneath the tree it was surmised that the eyrie was several years old. While we were examining the nest, either the same or another eaglet flew over our heads as if watching our movements, but we saw no signs of the parent birds.

THE EAGLE AT HOME.

The eagle seems certainly to be on the increase in some of our larger deer forests, and we have lately had some excellent opportunities of studying the king of birds at his haunts. We had cause to believe a pair of eagles were nesting in a certain Highland glen, where an eyrie was situated in olden days, but where the birds have not been known to nest for a considerable number of years. We had not been in the glen long before we saw an eagle flying slowly and steadily against the wind at a height of only a few feet above the ground. We surmised from its mode of flight that it was a young bird, and looked carefully at all the trees near the head of the glen in the hope of being able to locate the eyrie. Though we discovered the tree in which the birds formerly nested, we failed to see, even through the glass, any signs of an eyrie. To our west was a steep hillside, culminating in some small cliffs, and our hopes were raised by seeing an eagle soar on to a grassy ledge among the rocks above us. The light was poor, and it was some time before we made him out through the glass. We then discovered that there were two birds on the ledge, and had the pleasure of watching them for some time. Their light, tawny colour showed them to be old birds, and we could see no traces of an eyrie near them. One of the pair walked forward and stood on the edge of the ledge of rock as if meditating flight, while the second bird preened its feathers contentedly. Ultimately both birds sailed gracefully over the rock and, rising in spirals, were soon lost over the brow of the hill.

EAGLE AND PTARMIGAN.

A few hours later, while passing a rocky hill where a pair of eagles have nested from time immemorial, we were pleased to see one of the birds—probably the cock—emerge from the cliffs near the eyrie and, after soaring to a considerable height and scanning the paths below, make off eastwards. On reaching the hill on the eastern side of the pass he altered his course, sailing across the hill and flushing a very large pack of ptarmigan. We naturally imagined he was out on a toraging expedition, and would pursue and capture one of the fugitives; but he passed on without deigning to notice the frightened birds, and the ptarmigan made off in all directions, croaking loudly. Having moved the ptarmigan, the eagle wheeled round, and returned to his nesting-site, disappearing in the rocks near the top of the hill. A little later on we saw him again, and when a pair of common gulls passed across the rock on their migration south, we watched their progress with interest to see whether the king of birds would dispute their way; but the eagle did not show himself, and the gulls passed on safely.

SETON GORDON.

WHERE FISH DO BITE.

"EXCELLENT accommodation. Unrivalled facilities for sea-fishing!" How many of us, I wonder, eagerly scanning the lines of the advertisements of seaside holiday resorts, hesitating as to where we shall fix upon to spend a few weeks at the sea, have read some such announcement and mentally exclaimed, "That's the very place I want!" And how many of us, having gone there, have found to our sorrow that, even if the accommodation were passable, the fish were away from home! Some of us have done this for more years than we care to count, without getting the sport we looked for, and it is safe to say have experienced more disappointments than successes. It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that one can chronicle an exception to the disappointing rule, namely, that to which these notes refer.

Manxland is well enough known to the Lancashire tourist who snatches a day or two—or even a few hours—at Douglas, where excellent provision is made for the amusement of those who wish to be amused. Other places in the Isle of Man, notably Ramsey, are, however, not nearly so well known or appreciated by those who love the quiet life in lovely scenery by land or sea—and some real sea-fishing. The more boisterous joviality of the larger resort probably has caused the other place to be less appreciated. Be that as it may, the fact remains that in and near beautiful Ramsey Bay the amateur sea-angler can get sport to his heart's content, and at the same time enjoy exquisite woodland and glen scenery without the presence of the multitude. Of accommodation there is abundance and to suit all purses. That is rarely the difficulty. It is of the fish I want to write. A few minutes' ride in the electric car from Ramsey brings one to a lovely little bay or creek, where some boats may be seen drawn up on the beach. From here a grand rocky coast stretches for a couple of miles or so to Maughold Head, upon which a new lighthouse is in course of construction. In fine weather, of which there is more here than the average Britisher has ever dreamed of, a rowing boat can take one right along the coast and round the head to Port Moar, and splendid pollack-fishing is obtained all the way. The boat keeps close in to the cliffs, passing over the deep holes in the rocks where the fish live and whence they come to feed—and bite.

The writer and a friend, staying for a time in the immediate vicinity of the little bay above mentioned, strolled down to the boats one Monday morning recently, and asked the boatman in charge if he would take us to the best places. He agreed.

Lines were all ready, and in five minutes we were off. It is only a couple of hundred yards or so to the point of the little bay; but there was one pollack in the boat before we rounded the point. Several more followed as our man rowed leisurely along under the cliffs, giving a hint to let out more line or *vice versa*, according to the depth of water. An hour of this gave us a dozen fish, and then we reached the more precipitous cliffs, on and among which hundreds of sea-birds of all sorts were disporting themselves.

"Look out for a big one here," the boatman remarked, quietly, as he rowed us round the Maughold Point; and sure enough, ere another minute had passed, my friend was struggling with a seven-pounder. Halfway to the boat we had him, when, as is a common habit of the pollack, he went straight for the bottom! The tackle was good, however, and in a minute or two we had him safe. Then the sport became fast and furious. We had got the fish on the feed and they were biting freely. Backwards and forwards we were rowed over a stretch of less than a quarter of a mile of water, until we began to wonder what we should do with the catch. In less than an hour we had taken at this spot more than two dozen, and then we rowed back. A few more on the way brought up the total to thirty-three. Nearing home, we anchored on a patch of sandy bottom, and in another hour or two added a couple of dozen flatfish to the haul, making fifty-seven fish in all! The seven-pound pollack was the largest we took, though much larger ones are caught here. Seven of the others ranged from four to five pounds and the rest were smaller. Naturally, we were much delighted with the morning's sport, and made arrangements to have another try next day. We did so, fishing over exactly the same ground. The weather was more boisterous on this occasion, and yet, despite the fact that we could not stay in our small boat on the best ground, we succeeded in beating our previous day's pollack catch by six—taking thirty-nine pollack in all. We also caught nine flatfish. Thus, in two days' fishing with two lines, we landed one hundred and five fish! Of course, we may have been exceptionally fortunate; but the sport is there and our results were as stated. Our usual catch an hour or so before high tide, fishing a few hundred yards from our house, is rarely less than a dozen flatfish each. Moreover, those are the only two mornings on which we have deliberately set out to catch pollack and gone to the best spots for that purpose. The only way to really form an opinion as to the fishing in any seaside place is to take the catch over a series of weeks or for a whole season. That is rarely possible for a visitor, but our own

experience in June was as follows: From June 1st to the 23rd we went out on twenty-one occasions, only two days being too rough for an ordinary rowing boat. We fished only for flatfish (fluke and plaice) and pollack. We caught three hundred and five flatfish and eighty-one pollack, besides an odd rock-cod and a couple of whiting. Total, three hundred and eighty-nine fish, or an average of over eighteen per day! Of course, when the whiting and mackerel begin, much larger totals can be taken with ease; but this is a much better test of the fishing qualities

of the place. We never had more than two fishing, and all were obtained at our very doors, except the large pollack, for which we rowed a couple of miles. The illustration, from my own photograph, gives a good idea of the fish, and I can only assure the sea-angler that here at least is one place where fish *do* bite.

M. OSTON.



A DAY'S CATCH.



THE name of Caroline Park was given by John, second Duke of Argyll and Greenwich to the house in the Barony of Roystoun, in honour of the Consort of George II. Originally the estate was named Easter Granton, and was then owned by a branch of the Logans of Restalrig. They sold it in 1580, and in 1676 came the change of the name to Roystoun. In 1683 it was in the hands of the Grahams of Inchbraco, from whom it was bought by the future Viscount Tarbat. He it was who built the delightful typical Scottish Renaissance house which forms the subject of

the accompanying pictures. Sir George Mackenzie, second baronet of Tarbat, and sometime Prime Minister of Scotland, was born to the law, for his mother, an Erskine, was daughter of a Senator of the Court of Justice. In his early days he fought against Cromwell, but by 1678 he had the more peaceful employment of Justice-General for Scotland, and three years later was a Lord of Session and Lord Register. When James II. came to the throne in 1685, Mackenzie was made a Viscount, and in 1703 Queen Anne created him Earl of Cromarty. One does not gather that Tarbat (to call him by his best-known name) was a very



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DETAIL OF SMITH'S WORK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

agreeable person. When Scottish politics were thrown into confusion by the deposition of James II. in 1689, and Claverhouse was writing about the attitude of the Scottish Peers to the last of the Stewart Kings, he said, " Tarbat is a great villain."

He is endeavouring to seduce Lochiel by offers of money." Three years later, in 1692, Tarbat found it convenient to resign his office of Lord Register, for he had been accused of the discreditable act of falsifying the minutes of Parliament to suit his private ends; but William III. restored him to his post, and Queen Anne made him Secretary of State for Scotland when she came to the throne in 1702. This latter office he threw up two

that peer from the canvas, from the prominent but not unhandsome nose and tight, level mouth, one can well imagine that he filled his various dignities with an air of distinction, even if his manoeuvres were not always troubled by too urgent an itch for morality.

It is, however, with Viscount Tarbat's architectural activities that we are more particularly concerned. Caroline Park House was built in 1685, doubtless to mark his new dignity of Viscount. It was then a simple quadrangle, rather longer from north to south than from east to west, and with an open courtyard. About that time, however, fashions in architecture were changing, and in 1696, only eleven years later, the original severity of the straight south front was modified by the addition of east and west towers, and at the same time the whole of the south wall was refaced with a fine smooth sandstone.

Cleverly as this was done, it is still possible to detect both in the doors and windows the addition of the new work. There is no documentary evidence to show whom Tarbat employed as his architect. When the south front was altered, however, the Lord Register was living at Holyrood Palace, the more modern part of which was designed by Sir William Bruce of Balcaskie. From the fact that Caroline Park resembles the Palace in some particulars it has been suggested that Bruce also worked for Tarbat. The general effect of Caroline Park is extraordinarily attractive, and the rich fat curves of the roof make it particularly fresh to English eyes. It is significant of the marked difference between English and Scottish domestic architecture that in England curved lines were never established as an integral feature of roofs. At about this date Wren hazarded the opinion that the only form of roof fit to appear above the parapet was a dome; but at Hampton Court and elsewhere he defied his own rule. In any case, neither he nor the other men of his time adopted curves in their roof-lines except when they were covering towers or turrets. In Scotland, on the contrary, they delighted to build long stretches of curved roof, such as we see at Caroline Park. There is altogether an extraordinary vitality and robustness about the south front, not only in the roof, but in such details as the rich rustications of the pilasters on either side of the entrance doorway. The roof is as rich in its colour as in its form.



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THE CHIEF STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

years later on the grounds of old age, but he clung to the Clerkship of the Parliament, and was, in fact, the last holder of that office, when in 1707 came "the end of that auld sang," as Seafield described the disappearance of the Scots Parliament. Tarbat did not die until 1714, the year that saw the last of Queen Anne, and he thus served his country, and incidentally his own fortunes, during four reigns, an achievement which did more credit to his cunning than to any stability of character. For all that, he was a man of parts, a writer of no mean ability, a member of the Royal Society, to whose Proceedings he contributed some papers, and a lover of the liberal arts. His portrait helps us to some understanding of the man. From the hard, dark eyes

The writer has said many hard things in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE about purple slates, but after seeing Caroline Park is fain to take them back. Small, thick, rough-edged, and with a few scraps of grey among them, the little purple slates laid in great curved lines have a singular beauty, and give a sense of having absorbed centuries of sunshine. On the friezes of the west and east flanking towers are carved respectively the names of Anne, Viscountess Tarbat and George, Viscount Tarbat. This Anne was the Viscount's first wife, whom he married in 1654. In 1699 he made the adventure of espousing Margaret, Dowager-Countess of Wemyss, who was then both young and beautiful, while he was close on seventy years of age. To his wife he

allowed in one curious particular less liberty than he claimed for himself. The first-floor rooms in the two towers over which my lord and lady set their names were their respective dressing-rooms. Tarbat's room in the eastern tower communicates by a concealed staircase in the corner with the room below. The latter was of the type delightfully known as the "Speak-a-word" room, to which the great man could descend when he wished to talk with his agents and others without their entry into the main part of the house. The accompanying plan is of the first floor, on which were all the principal rooms. The original house is shown in black, while the added towers are indicated by hatched lines. It will be noticed that Lady Tarbat's boudoir provides no circular stair, or, as it is also called, "wheel stair," to the ground floor, so her visitors must needs go up by one of the main staircases. Though the way in is now at the south front, and the doorway is marked by a porch with columns (thin, indeed, and rather late, but surmounted by a handsome iron railing), the original entrance was clearly on the north front, which looks across the Forth. In those days the river formed an easy road, and there remains a very handsome gateway with pillars topped by open finials. The gates themselves have disappeared, for they were moved to Gogar House about a hundred years ago. It will be best for the purposes of our description to approach the house, as its builders did, from the shore road.

The north front is markedly simple, the gables at either side being connected with coped balusters turned edgeways to the front. Over the central window is a panel most pleasantly carved, and a Latin inscription which, when translated, runs somewhat as follows: "Riches amassed are useless, but spent produce much good. Increase of lands brings growth of cares. For the comfort of themselves and of their friends, George and Anna, Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat, have caused this cottage to be built in the year of the Christian Era 1685." Then follows a pleasant invitation and a moral, "Enter then, O guest, for this is the place of hospitality. Now it is ours, some day 'twill be another's, but whose afterwards I neither know nor care, for abiding dwelling there is none. Therefore, while we may, let us live



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THE NORTH SIDE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

well." With this benediction we enter a hall, from the right of which are the kitchen and other servants' quarters. The opening to the left brings us to the grand staircase, with its wrought-iron balustrading of quite extraordinary beauty. It has been suggested that this work came from Germany, the product of the skill of Augsburg smiths, but it seems unnecessary to deny to Scottish craftsmen the credit both for its design and workmanship. On reaching the small landing on the first floor we pass through an ante-room on the right which leads to the great saloon. Its most notable feature is the ceiling in richly modelled plaster, framing an oil-painting of Aurora, which is signed "N. HEVDE, Inventor." The plaster-work itself is of singular excellence. Part of it must have been cast beforehand and afterwards fixed, while some was doubtless wrought by workmen lying on their backs on scaffolding, and modelling the ornament with finger and thumb. It has been suggested that this is the work of Italian plasterers, and it is quite likely, for we know that they were decorating other notable Scottish houses of the period; but some of the ornament, particularly the great coarse acanthus leaves which fill the corners of the coves, is more likely by native hands.

From the saloon we pass to another room almost square, which may have been the family dining-room or, perhaps, a smaller drawing-room. The ceiling here is also a notable achievement, as will be seen from the accompanying picture, and the plaster-work frames a circular oil-painting, also by Hevde, the subject of which may possibly be identified as "Diana Visiting Endymion." The attribution of this room to dining uses seems the safest, in which case the little room partitioned from it on the south would be the servery, and the wheel-stair that comes at the south-west corner of the open court gives access from the kitchen below. This brings

us to the range of rooms on the south front, which were probably the private suite of Lord and Lady Tarbat, and on this front we have again a handsome staircase with straight flights leading down to the ground floor, though the wrought-iron balustrading is here much less ornate than on the north example. This, perhaps, serves as an opportunity to point out that Caroline Park, now in the hands of the Duke of Buccleuch by a succession which will presently be mentioned, is no longer used as a private residence, but as the office of Messrs. A. B. Fleming and Co., whose inkworks have been built near by. In such a case it is often the melancholy duty of the chronicler to point out the neglect and damage suffered alike by fabric and decoration when an historic house is no longer a home. Here, however, there can be nothing but praise for the pious care with which



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THE OLD GATES TO THE RIVER FRONT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE RUINS OF ROYSTOUN CASTLE

"COUNTRY LIFE."



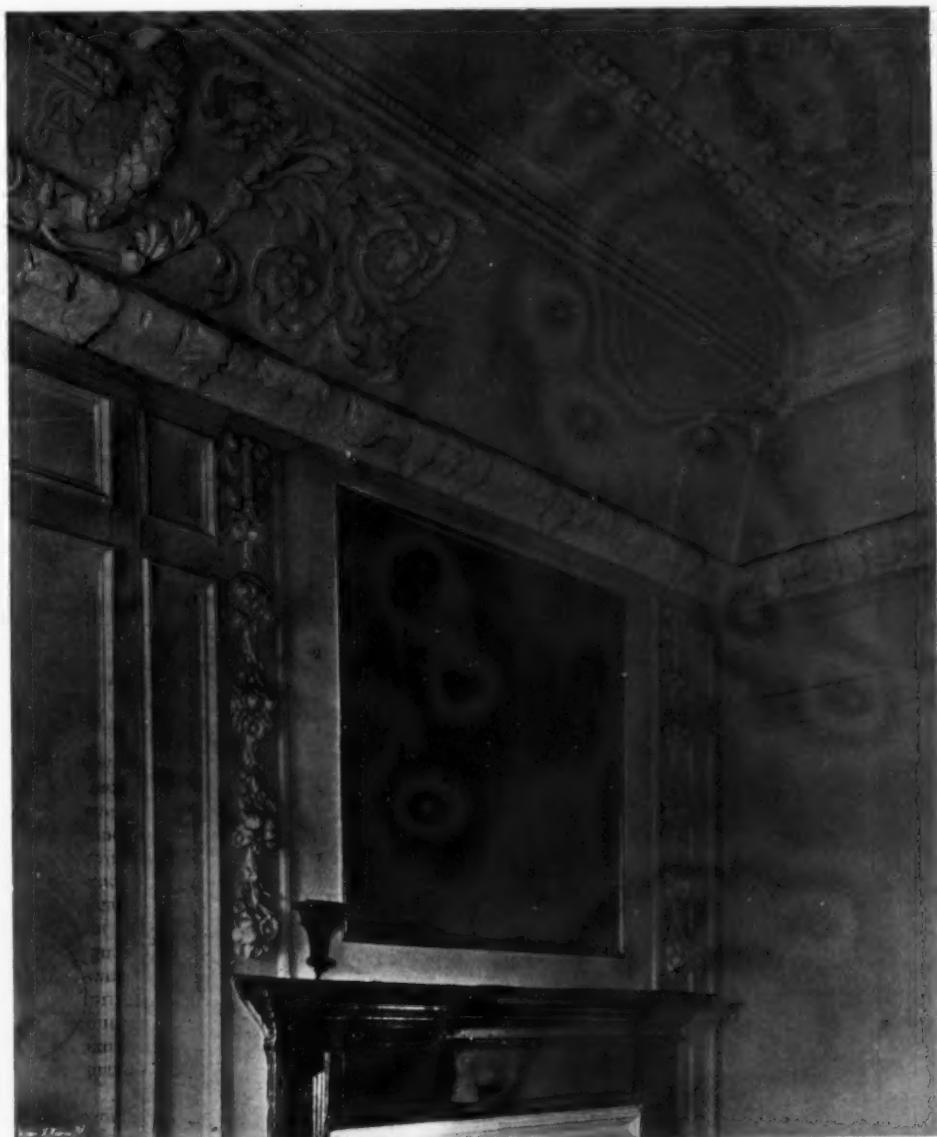
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THE SALOON CEILING

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the present tenants guard the architectural treasures of which they are the moral, if not the actual, trustees. The saloon is now a counting-house, and the smaller room adjoining a private office; but everything is kept in that perfect repair which shows the pride taken by Messrs. Fleming in a notable building. The dining-room also has its walls decorated with four interesting wooden panels, painted with landscapes in monochrome, while there are some decorative panels picturing green foliage on a background of pink. Above the mantel-piece is a swag of fruit and flowers in carved wood. It is likely that the monochrome pictures, of which there are further examples in other rooms, were painted like the ceiling panels by Nicholas Hevde, who was a pupil of Verrio. The latter, it will be remembered by readers of COUNTRY LIFE, executed many allegorical scenes in a rich Italian manner, not only at Windsor Castle

and at Hampton Court Palace, but in other buildings of the age of Wren. On the east side of the open court, and on the first floor, are two other fine rooms which pair with the saloon and dining-room just described. The larger of these is described with a query on the plan as a "banqueting room." It may, of course, have been the family dining-room, but he would be a bold man who could affirm definitely as to its use or of that of the room adjoining, which may have been even a bedroom. In this last-named room, scratched with a diamond on a window-pane, are some verses, too long to transcribe, which utter a lady's complaint against her "faithless, faultless knight," who placed his thoughts on a mere girl with dimpled cheeks and baby face. As she admits that the owner of the dimpled cheeks was not born "When I did town and court adorn," one is heartless



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A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

enough to recognise that the lady had not been a very keen observer of human nature.

It is when we come to the little tower rooms above the boudoir and the dressing-room that our interest may be intrigued by a touch of mystery. In the case of the attic of the western tower there is an opening in the wall (shown by a photograph) which leads to a passage running round the side of the room about six feet above the floor. The walls are, in fact, hollow, and contain this secret hiding-place. The attic-room in the eastern tower is similarly

treasonable talk. This is an attractive explanation of the passages, but it is open to the unimaginative critic to affirm that the spaces came about as structural incidents in the building of the roof, and were not designed as secret chambers. Space fails us to describe the interesting paintings in various rooms in monochrome of olive green or brown, exhibiting various romantic landscapes which doubtless came from the imagination of the architect. None of them is signed, but it is likely that they are from the brush of De la Cour, who did landscapes of the same sort in a house now known as 31, Chambers Street, Edinburgh.



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THE DINING-ROOM CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

provided with a passage, but there is this difference, that on one side there is a communication with the corridor leading to the room itself. When the rooms were fully panelled the entrance to these passages would, of course, be entirely concealed, and in the case of the attic of the eastern tower, anyone who knew the trick of the walls could enter or leave the room while the door was locked. It has been thought that people whom my lord suspected might be put in this room to eat their meals or sleep, the while a servant or my lord himself kept an ear to the secret panel and noted their

It is, at any rate, worth noting that one of them is very like Inveraray Castle, as it looked when Caroline Park passed into the hands of its next great owner, John, second Duke of Argyll and Greenwich. When Viscount Tarbat died in 1714, the estate passed to his son John, the second Earl of Cromarty, for the first Viscount's attempt to sell the Barony of Roystoun to the Earl of Mar in 1705 met with no success. The next owner was the old Lord's third son, who became a Lord of Session and took the title of Lord Roystoun. It was he who sold it in 1739 to the Duke of Argyll. In 1740 the Duke also bought the



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MIDDLE PANEL OF THE SALOON CEILING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

adjacent Barony of Granton with the famous Granton House, which now bears the title of Roystoun Castle, and in its ruined condition forms the subject of one of our pictures. The two estates were combined under the name of Caroline

Park, for the Duchess had been Maid-of-Honour to George II.'s Queen when she was Princess of Wales.

Sir Walter Scott makes this Duke talk to Jeannie Deans in "The Heart of Midlothian" on the important question of cheese, and ends by asking her to send one of the Dunlop sort to Caroline Park. When, however, we pass to history from the realms of fiction, it does not appear that this

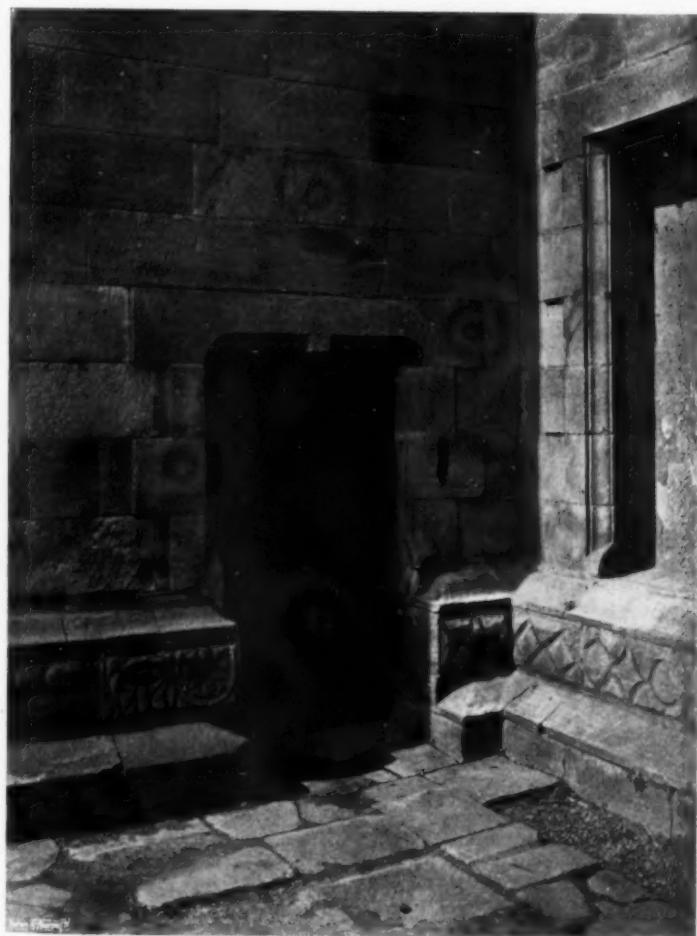
Argyll, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field,

was otherwise much associated with his new property

His eldest

daughter married the Earl of Dalkeith, through whom the estate passed to the Dukes of Buccleuch. Between 1763 and 1780 the house was occupied by Sir James Oughton, a strong believer in the existence of the poet Ossian. When Dr. Johnson made his famous jaunt to the Hebrides, Oughton dined with him and Boswell, and the sage was markedly rude on the subject of Ossian. This did not prevent him, however, dining with Oughton

at Caroline Park, and it is most unfortunate that Boswell preserved none of Johnson's *obiter dicta* on this occasion. Early in the nineteenth century the father of Henry Cockburn, the famous judge, farmed the estate, and



Copyright. A LITTLE DOOR ON THE SOUTH SIDE. "C.L."



"INTRA HOSPES."

(by his son's account) did the house and its gardens no small damage. The judge tells with righteous disapproval of the removal of "several very architectural walls, a beautiful bowling green, a great deal of good shrubbery, and an outer gravelled court on the north front," and in those days Roystoun Castle was still roofed and the home of the gardener.

No one could visit Caroline Park without realising how distinctive and delightful a place it takes in the story of Scottish architecture. There are many points which we have no space to discuss—the dormer window on the south front built out on corbels, with its carved heraldry and fascinating detail, the mouldings round the balcony doors, the flat sheet-iron features in the railings, the curiously enriched base course, and the enchanting little angle fireplace in what is now the ledger-room. All these things make one realise what a play of national fancy illuminates the Renaissance work of Scotland, and how different it is from the buildings of the same period south of the Tweed.

This article must not be closed without the writer making due acknowledgments to a privately-printed account of Caroline Park from the pen of Dr. David Fraser Harris—a reservoir of facts on which he has freely drawn.

L. W.

SOME UNEMPLOYED DOGS.

CIRCUMSTANCES again prompt me to take up the burning question of the unemployed dog. Our crowded cities offer no useful employment to dogs, and this want brings about a distinct disadvantage to both man and beast. The sagacious creature, who in many qualities is far superior to the human animal, thirsts for the right to earn an honest living, and feels the enforced position of idleness most keenly. He shows his disgust in many ways, such as by his languid movements, or, on the other hand, by "got up" sham fights, presumably to guard hearth and home from behind the area railings. The inoffensive, whistling errand-boy, employed in carrying perishable merchandise, is only too delighted to assist the fictitious fight in the part of burglar, and knocks off much of our new paint with a stick in doing so. The unemployed dog in the neighbourhood of my back garden last night gave audible expression to the grief he felt as to unemployment generally, and bewailed his lot through the long, weary hours of darkness until the thrice-welcome and longed-for yelp of agony, caused by boot or stick (it matters little) ended the performance and gained me my deferred sleep.

It is quite clear that there is a law for man and a law for the dog. The suffering man is not permitted by the police to yell out his grief through the long night to the disturbance of his neighbours; but the dog apparently has this permission, and why? If I do not make so much by rubber as expected, or fail to spot the Derby winner, my heart-rending grief and remorse must be borne in silence; but if a dog has eaten too much, and takes in consequence a baleful view of his lot, then it seems that he may proclaim the fact continuously and at the top of his aggravating voice! Nearly all dogs in their idleness are attracted by motors, and pursue them. Those dogs who study the question of this fascinating sport by long thought and constant practice eventually become proficient in the art. The instinct of the pointer is to point, of the setter to set, of the retriever to retrieve, and of the sheepdog to round up sheep. It seems fair to infer from this that the inborn instincts of the unemployed dog prompt him to round up and hamper motors, seeing that most other useful billets are already filled up by trained dogs. A well-known Airedale terrier carries on a thriving business of this kind (namely, motor-baiting) in one of our thoroughfares crowded with trams and traffic of all kinds. A large motor laundry-machine roars past. The dog, of course, rushes to the attack, but soon desists, seeing that his raucous, threatening voice is apparently drowned and rendered futile by the rattle and din of the ponderous and evil-smelling vehicle, which never swerves or diminishes speed. A feeble one-cylinder two-seater pants past with the usual misfire. The Airedale hears it coming and sees it pass, but shows no undue haste. He carries out with the utmost nicety and precision those formalities of citizenship that one dog of the world expects from another; then, with a few wild bounds, he is, as it were, at the throat of the poor little motor. He treats it as a cat would a mouse, to the evident annoyance of the dignified driver. He worries the front wheels, snaps at the back ones, bays



PLAN OF CAROLINE PARK.

at the passengers. Escape is, of course, impossible owing to the feeble and faulty engine, and the dog insults the owner and driver by showing that he knows it. Soon tiring of such small game, he is once more back at his place of waiting, exchanging civilities as before with such passing dogs as deserve his notice.

A prolonged shrieking whistle, like a runaway locomotive in a fog, grows out of the far distance and comes nearer and nearer. The Airedale cocks his ears, and, brushing rudely aside a dog who has just commenced the formal duties of dog etiquette by standing stiffly on his toes, trembling and growling, he rushes off to a well-known vantage point where a sharp turn in the road crosses over a bridge. Here the Corporation by-laws, aided by a fat policeman, enforce a slow speed. Down comes the flying express, all unconscious of peril, to be only too easily cornered and badgered by the Airedale at the bridge; but only for one glorious half-second. With a long howl the express is off again, and the dog returns to dream of this fleeting glory which will pass again on the morrow.

Ladies' or children's dogs can hardly be described as unemployed; at least, not more than a canary or a parrot. They are strictly ornamental pets, or, to be exact, in the case of pugs and dachshunds, grotesque pets, and they are always looked after and not allowed to stray about alone, except when they are put out into the street, morning and evening, apparently for the purpose of barking and also scratching the paint off front doors. They also form objectionable choruses with all the other little dogs in the street, who certainly have voices of sorts. The dog of the world does not think highly of ladies' dogs. He may tolerate, but he takes little notice of, and often despises them. The silky, diminutive, but spirited Yorkshire faces the boarhound for choice, and attacks with the utmost fury; but the gigantic beast, hardly recognising his adversary as one of the canine family, slouches along unconcerned. So is it with the pugs and other toy ladies' dogs; but those despised dogs do not appear to mind, and seem to look down in turn on all dogkind out of their class, from a narrow and ultra-aristocratic point of view.

It is not so with the man's dog when he becomes a lady's dog and has to comport himself as such. He feels the position deeply, and becomes irritable, snappy, and loses the fine, bold, candid qualities that some of us admire in the man's dog. Rats are to be now considered vulgar. A fine leash, with a female attendant at the end, guards him against the dangers of traffic, while he is not allowed to speak to other common dogs, and all this sort of thing changes his nature for the worse and his manners deteriorate. He makes friends with the cook, and his mistress wonders that he grows fat on only three meals a day served in the dining-room. He lies full length on the hearthrug and bites callers who stumble over him. He is towed away by his mistress to the far end of the room with apologies, but openly and at once returns to the exact position of the rug which he had just left, and, when once more removed, takes the best arm-chair and remains there. When on the leash he barks savagely at strangers regardless of their feelings or his own reputation.

I remember a dog of this sort, a highly-bred, under-sized fox-terrier, who had become a lady's dog from earliest infancy and had acquired all the well-known qualifications mentioned above, to an acute degree. The dog was presented to the lady by a friendly gamekeeper, who caused some consternation and confusion of ideas by writing that he was sending her a present of a "terror" dog, his spelling not being up to his other good points. The "terror" dog tried to live up to his misspelt description, and yapped and strained when safely on the leash in the hands of a lady's-maid to get at all and sundry. As youngsters, and with the aid of this hound, we used to hunt my friendly old uncle, a retired and stout Colonel, when he left the smoking-room downstairs for his dressing-room, some flights of stairs up in the old house. The Colonel would be given a fair start to do us justice. The dog would be procured from the reluctant and protesting lady's-maid and, at a given signal, released on the track. Up the stairs would fly the dog, screeching in impotent fury, and presently we would find our quarry safely cornered and awaiting relief, like the stag at bay. To qualify this somewhat brutal story, it may be explained that the dog would not bite, though the Colonel was not so sure about this as we were. The poor little beast had some sporting instincts still in him, owing to his long pedigree of sporting ancestors, and killed rats with promptitude, and on one occasion the kitchen cat, with whom he had been on terms of intimacy and friendship for years; but he grew fatter and fatter, and I was present at his last sporting attempt. A lot of us youngsters were going to run a foot-drag with a mixed pack of retrievers, terriers and foxhound puppies. The drag was laid, and then, with a rush forward, hounds and followers charged over a deep ha-ha dividing the smooth lawn from the rough park land beyond with a wild chorus of "haick forrads" and yelps.

A feeble shriek was heard from behind, and we noticed that the "terror" dog had broken away from his mistress and was working his way towards the ha-ha at an incredible speed and like an animated guinea-pig. His leash flew out straight behind. The ha-ha was reached—old memories raged within—memories born from generations of sporting ancestors, memories such as "never say die," "never refuse the first fence," and the dog rose as he had never risen before to clear the mighty obstacle; but though the spirit was willing, the flesh was weak, or, at any rate, heavy, and the "terror" dog plumped like a stone into the wet, sticky, poached mud at the far side of the ditch. With difficulty he crawled out; but the fire was gone, and no amount of encouragement could prevent him from at once retiring from the chase and returning crest-fallen to his despairing mistress through a gap in the hedge further down.

It is extraordinary how keen dogs are for employment, and not only that, but for real hard work. This must be apparent to anyone who has visited Holland, Belgium, or those countries where dog traction is permitted by law. It is a common sight to see an excessively stout man, pipe in mouth, seated in a small cart and being whirled away by a diminutive pair of dogs, or even one moderately stout dog. If a cart be in front, then the dogs behind

will strain all they know to catch it up and pass. If a bridge is about to be raised over one of the innumerable canals to let a passing barge through, these dogs will at once "spot" the movement and will bark to gain attention, and put out every ounce of strength to reach the bridge before it is raised, so that delay may be obviated. There are men in this world who, under these circumstances, would rather enjoy a little delay and rest; but dogs are not made of this stuff.

I noticed the not uncommon sight of a perambulator on the pavement the other day, and may add that I noticed it very suddenly, as my shins were sore for some time afterwards. The perambulator seemed to be out of control, and the nursemaid, in apologising, said that it was so, owing to the nursery dog, a small toy of the Pomeranian breed, with silky coat and pointed nose, who was attached by his leash to the handle of the perambulator, and was towing the carriage like a steam-engine from under the axle. Several times afterwards I noticed this strange arrangement, and on every occasion the dog was panting for dear life, coughing and choking the while from the wretched system of harness, which consisted of an ordinary narrow collar round his neck; but little did this dog care, seeing that he had the weighty responsibility in hand of towing the family baby.

W. M. S.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

DR. CHARLES CROSLEIGH has performed a worthy piece of service in writing *Bradninch being a short historical sketch of the Honor the Manor the Borough and Liberties and the Parish* (Alexander Moring). Dr. Crosleigh has been incumbent of Bradninch since 1897, and he fills the last place in the interesting series of portraits of incumbents during the nineteenth century. The period is not so distant but that he has been able to glean from the parish some of those seemingly trivial bits of gossip that nevertheless serve to fix and render vivid the characters of the past. The first in the series is Thomas Tanner, M.A., whose incumbency lasted from 1780 to 1843. He was followed by Samuel Jordon Lott, who died at the early age of thirty-four and whose memory still lingers about the place as that of one who was perhaps the most beloved of all the parsons of Bradninch. After him came kind and eloquent Mr. Webster, who is still remembered as having carried dinners to poor people in his cassock. Next came Mr. Bedell Coulcher, a little man, who all his life long kept up the joke that he never wore a great coat and never lay long in bed. It may be remarked parenthetically that he did not stand quite five feet in his shoes. He died in 1864. Since then there have been four incumbents, including Dr. Crosleigh himself. All this may be described as the legendary and familiar gossip of the parish. More serious work is represented in the information Dr. Crosleigh has collected about the incumbents who ministered from 1261 onwards. Arnold de Hollaunde was instituted in 1261. He was followed by Elias de Sancto Albano, who seems to have been indispensable to Lady Margaret de Clare, Countess of Cornwall. He was, indeed, ultimately forced to resign in order that he might attend on her. Little particulars of this kind have been collected about each individual who held the incumbency, and they help very greatly towards giving reality to the history of the parish. Many are the curious particulars about the church and the customs which the author has been able to glean in the course of his investigations. For example, there is in one of the registers a curious entry to the effect that :

"The Church-Wardens pay me annually one Guinea for the Pasture in the Church-Yard to prevent Horses from being turned into it. Witness, etc. Tho. Tanner."

The history of the briefs is instructive. Briefs, of course, were letters patent directing the collection of alms for special purposes named in them. They have not been fully recorded at Bradninch, but here are two specimens :

"September the 24th 1659—Collected in ye high Church of Bradninch for and towards the repairing the loss sustained by fire in Soulby in the county of Suffolk the sum of one pound five shill and Three pence half penny by Tho: Pearce."

"January 27th, 1660—Collected in the High Church of Bradninch towards the repairing the breach of the Sea in to the town of Watchett in Somesit the sum of 22s. and 6d. by henrie May and Robert Taylor Church wardens."

Briefs continued to be published down to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and the author has brought together a number that were taken at other churches for the benefit of Bradninch. These have much historic value. After the great fire that occurred, for instance, in the seventeenth century, we find that three pounds six shillings and seven pence was collected in the parish of Pinhoe; thirteen shillings and fourpence at Woodbury; two shillings at Huish; three shillings and one penny at Stanton S. John, Oxford, and so on. The system lent itself to very great abuse. Between the years 1805-18, of

sixty-seven thousand pounds collected throughout England for churches and accidents, only twenty-eight thousand pounds were forthcoming for the purposes for which the collections were made. It is no wonder that the system was abolished by an Act dated 1828.

One is tempted to linger over facts like these in preference to making a serious examination of the history of the parish. Much has been unearthed to throw a considerable light on the condition of the people. Thus :

"Even in the golden age of Elizabeth masters and labourers were not free to make their own agreements as to either wages or hours of work. Laws were passed obliging men to labour at a rate of wages fixed either by statute, or, as in the case of Bradninch, by order of the mayor under the statute. If a master were convicted of giving higher wages, he was fined £5, and was imprisoned ten days without bail; while the man who took higher wages was imprisoned twenty-one days without bail."

The wages thus fixed were very small and the legal hours were long. The law was :

"That all Artificers and Labourers, being hired for wages by the day or week, shall betwixt the midst of the months of *March* and *September* be and continue at their work at or before five of the clock in the morning, and continue at work, and not depart, until betwixt seven and eight of the clock at night (except it be in the time of breakfast, dinner, or drinking, the which times at the most shall not exceed above two hours and a half in a day, that is to say, at every drinking one half hour, for his dinner one hour, and for his sleep when he is allowed to sleep, which is from the midst of *May* to the midst of *August*, half an hour at the most, and at every breakfast one half hour). And all the said Artificers and Labourers, between the midst of *September*, and the midst of *March*, shall be and continue at their work from the spring of the day in the morning until the night of the same day, except it be in time afore appointed for breakfast and dinner, upon pain to lose and forfeit one penny for every hour's absence, to be deducted and defaulked out of his wages that shall so offend."

In Dr. Crosleigh's words, "tradesmen lived under like bondage." The agriculture of the place was highly interesting. It is dealt with fully in the section devoted to the manor. The ploughland was divided into three open fields, and this arrangement continued up to the reign of Queen Anne. The open field was divided into long, narrow strips of an acre a piece, separated from each other by balks of turf two furrows wide. It would be interesting to know what names survive in the neighbourhood from the time when the open field cultivation was in force. Simpson wrote that the carriage of hay and manure was done in this country upon horses' backs. The pack saddle and crook were in request even to carry the corn home from the harvest-field.

In the jolly old days the inhabitants of a little town were not expected to be too scrupulous about public funds, and those of Bradninch seem to have been as much addicted as their neighbours to indulge in jollifications at the public expense. When the Manor Court assembled it was the ordinary thing to adjourn to a public-house "to give the Grand Jury an opportunity to make their presentments." This was done even when there was no business before the meeting, and the fact was gravely entered in the minutes, followed by a statement of the expenses incurred. Thus on October 3rd, 1770, the entry occurs :

"Adjourned to the White Lyon at four o'clock."

And a selection from the expenses incurred at the White Hart is given by the author. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a disturbance in the town over a project for purchasing an inn, and the worthy magistrates seem to have tried to make other innkeepers uncomfortable in order to ensure success for their own venture.

Those interested in antiquities may be confidently referred to Dr. Crosleigh's book as a most interesting account of "a little city and few men within it." He begins with a description of the place before the Conquest. There appears to have been a settlement there in British times, and the Saxons arrived in the early Christian centuries. A description of it in Domesday Book runs thus :

"(William) Capra has a manor called Bradneesa (Bradninch) which Bristold (Eaek, Brictricuold) held T. R. E. and it paid geld fr 2½ hides. This 20 ploughs can till. Thereof W(illiam) has in demesne ½ hide, and 5 ploughs, and the villeins 1½ hides and 15 ploughs. There W(illiam) has 42 villeins, 16 bordars, 7 serfs, 3 rounceys, 34 beasts, 8 swine, 324 sheep, 30 acres of wood-(land), 30 of coppice, 33 of meadow, 200 acres of pasture, and 1 mill paying 5 shillings. This manor is worth 14 pounds; when he received it too shillings."

It must have been an arduous task for the incumbent to trace with so much detail the history of Bradninch from the time when it was surveyed by the officials of William the Conqueror up to the present moment; but undoubtedly the multiplication of books like this, devoted to a single town or a single locality, would in time build up a fuller and richer history of England than has yet been produced.

LOVE AND THE LINKS.

Toddie, by Gilbert Watson. (Mills and Boon.)

THIS is the love-lyric of a caddie and a lady's-maid. It tells how Devina regenerated the "joyous, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care, wine-bibbing" little Scotch caddie, and how Toddie softened and captured the stern and austere lady's-maid. Of this slight theme it makes a touching and humorous story than which none better could be found to beguile a holiday afternoon. Toddie eschews all women because of a brutal mother; Devina defies all men because of a faithless lover, but the two honest souls, travelling by a road all unknown to themselves, fall in love with each other after a delightful fashion, to their own immense astonishment. And we are glad to say that marriage, which destroys so many friendships, is not allowed to harm the perfect understanding which exists between Toddie and a third character in the book, who is fully as engaging as Toddie himself. When we have Toddie and Devina seated as an engaged couple on the cliffs above the East Sands, Bob, of whom no one could say whether he was a collie, an Aberdeen terrier, or a retriever, but who combined the most lovable qualities of all three, is seated between them.

"THOUSANDS OF YEARS AHEAD."

The Hampdenshire Wonder, by J. D. Beresford. (Sidgwick and Jackson.)

"NO revelation can reveal what we are incapable of understanding; only by the slow process of evolution can we attain to any understanding" of life. Moreover, mankind has hitherto had but one way of dealing with those who go too fast for it, those who imperil by the isolated advance of their conceptions, that slowly altering structure of ideas, conceptions, prejudices, hopes, and faiths which each generation builds for its soul to dwell in. It kills them. Nor is it to be blamed for doing so. The wholesale condemnation which is always so self-righteously meted out by one age to the murderers of the revolutionary thinkers of another, is not justifiable. The slayers had reasons as well as instincts, and these are well set forth by Challis in the chapter entitled "The Uses of Mystery," wherein he attempts to explain the effect which his glimpse into the mind of the wonder child had had upon his own mind. It was unbearable. It had to be forgotten. The book is in reality allegorical. Each character stands for a type that has been universal throughout the centuries. Challis, the enlightened searcher into truth, the gifted gentleman who saves and understands; Lewes, the mentally hide-bound scientist, as shut to advance as to retrogression; Ellen, the strange, silent mother, who had borne and adored and preserved this abnormally gifted being; the idiot, who hovered eagerly round him in inexplicable attraction; the local Education Board of grocers and magistrates, who were outraged because the child did not attend the Board School; and lastly, Crashaw, the excitable High Church parson, fanatic, and bigot, who, driven wild by what he considered the blasphemous defiance of a child who roused, for reasons the parson himself could not understand, his utmost aversion and hatred, finally kills him—all these lived ages ago, and live to-day. The book is a singular and unusual study. It is natural that the writer, in the difficult task he sets himself, should not always fully succeed. To indicate a mind which, owing to the peculiar antecedents and circumstances of its birth, has been born unfettered by a single habit of human thought, and which is so profoundly advanced upon all previous human achievement that there are no known words with which to convey its conceptions, this is no easy matter; "the deeper abstract speculation of the Wonder's thought cannot be set out by any metaphor that would be understood by a lesser intelligence." But Mr. Beresford, within his limitations, has, nevertheless, succeeded in conveying into modern conditions an arresting idea, clothed in the

tragic and unpleasing figure of this bald-headed silent village child before whose unfettered and unintimidated brain all tradition, mystery, authority, dogma and legend goes down, and whom outraged authority, not at all unnaturally, slays at an early age.

CANADA'S FRONT DOOR.

Nova Scotia, by Beckles Willson. (Constable.)

"I WOULD rather live in Nova Scotia than in any other part of Canada," says Mr. Beckles Willson as an introduction to his *credo*. "I believe in Nova Scotia's future as I have long delighted in her past." He has given us a lively and very readable account of his travels in New Scotland, with many a delightful little picture from the past. Some of these belong to the category of tragedy, some to comedy. Of the former type is the story of the convicts disembarked by La Roche some time in the sixteenth century. The Marquis was driven back across the Atlantic by an autumn hurricane and the forty unhappy wretches were left in their despair "ravelling like wolves, and fighting and slaying each other." In contrast with this is the establishment of Champlain's famous "Order of a Good Time." The members were the fifteen leading men of Port Royal, who met in Poutrencourt's great hall and fled the winter-time away before the great log fire. They elected one as Grand Master each day, and as they had plenty of fish and plenty of game, with no lack of good wine, they well earned the name by which they were known. To the general reader Nova Scotia is perhaps known best as the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline," although everybody who has read history probably remembers something of the Nova Scotia baronets created by James I.; and these things are retold with much vivacity and interesting detail by Mr. Beckles Willson. Many of our readers will feel a practical interest in Annapolis, which before the development of Tasmania, South Australia and California was the orchard of the Empire. The production of the valley used to be about twenty thousand barrels annually; but now it is close on a million barrels. One of the author's informants said: "There is plenty of money in apples, and we should be producing not one but thirty millions of barrels a year. The trouble is—and there is no need to disguise it—that while a number of orchards which have constantly been well cultivated, fertilised and sprayed, always yield the usual crops of the finest fruit, the great bulk of our trees are partially starved and neglected. Far more trees have been grown than can be brought into fruit-bearing with the present skill, labour and capital." As Nova Scotia is only half the distance to Saskatchewan, those who are going out to grow apples in the Dominion might well consider its capacities before carrying their capital further West, where there is much more competition and, to put it modestly, no better opportunities.

BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

A Portentous History, by Alfred Tennyson. (Heinemann.)

The House of Many Voices, by Bernard Capes. (Fisher Unwin.)

Enter Charmian, by Harold Wallings. (Smith, Elder.)

A Big Horse to Ride, by E. B. Dewing. (Macmillan.)

Chantemerle, by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor. (John Murray.)

With the Lost Legion in New Zealand, by Colonel G. Hamilton-Browne. (Werner Laurie.)

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF TRING.

IF testimony to the popularity of Tring Show were needed, it would be supplied by looking round. Only August 10th, and many of the Chiltern slopes lie in naked stubble awaiting the plough, fresh cultivation, a new crop. But on nearly all holdings even the click of the reaper has not ceased, and the harvest has reached its busiest hour. Leading and stacking are going on from early daylight till long after the moon has risen. Time is money indeed, and yet everybody seems to spare a day.



COMPETITORS WAITING THEIR TURN.

The fact is that Tring Show has grown into a kind of natural holiday in an area roughly measured as within a twenty-mile radius of the little market town. You may hear people of the neighbourhood dating their history from it. The family annals, the births and deaths and marriages are said to have taken place in the week before or after Tring Show, as an event is roughly dated about Christmastide. Nowhere else in the kingdom does a one-day show attract a crowd of well over twenty thousand people. It is a faithful crowd, too, and one not easily to be discouraged. Often the day has been most uncomfortably rainy, and only last year, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, when enjoyment was at its highest pitch, a violent thunder-storm broke over the neighbourhood and a tropical fall of rain drenched the spectators to the skin. Yet, when the day comes round again, the usual stream of vehicles, motor-cars and motor-omnibuses, with every variety of horse carriage, from the smartest of four-in-hands to the humblest donkey cart, set forth, till the highways are like great conduits discharging their streams of pilgrims on Tring. The trains, too, arrive all day long crowded with passengers. It is impossible to avoid asking what is the magic that brings so many together. It cannot be anything very exceptional in the character of the agricultural exhibits. These are, no doubt, excellent, but not better than are exhibited elsewhere. In fact, many of the animals and their owners have been seen time and again.

No, the first factor making for the continued success of Tring is, in our opinion, excellence of management, an excellence that can be traced no less in minute details than in the general scheme. For example, precautions are taken to see that the visitor is not fleeced by the unscrupulous and extortionate. Nowhere is better use made of the pay-desk and the price-list. The countryman likes to know what he is doing and particularly what he is buying. At the refreshment tents not only are prices boldly displayed, but the purchaser is obliged, even should he only want a glass of beer or cider, to buy a ticket at the pay-box and present it at the counter. The practice may be recommended to the notice of the Royal, whose arrangements at Norwich this year were not brilliantly good. Careful thought had been given even to the arrangements for stationing vehicles round the show-ring and yet considering the rights of those on foot. At many shows all the attention is given to the grand stand. There are no side-shows to worry the visitor.

Best of all, a successful attempt is always made to provide visitors with good entertainment. In saying that, we are, of course, not suggesting that there is no opening for criticism. On the contrary, there is plenty of ground for improvement yet, and there is a varied and effective appeal to the diverse interest of the agriculturist. The practical side is kept well to the front. Musical drill and wrestling on horseback, with a few other diversions, are doubtless introduced for amusement pure and simple, but the competitions in works of husbandry were by those engaged in the daily exercise of them. The winners of the sheepdog trials, for example, are invariably from sheep countries, and neither dogs nor men are merely public performers. An objection can, of course, be made that there are public performers going from show to show and winning prizes in a great many different parts of the country. In a way this is to be regretted, because the proper dog-work to show at Tring is the dog-work of the neighbouring farms. Mountain collies could not be of any great use to shepherds whose flocks are continually folded. The exhibition of their skill, therefore, by a severe critic might be ranked with that of the horses in musical drill. Their waltzing and keeping step to music could scarcely be of much use in time of war. It is probably in regard to the dairy that Tring Show has produced the best and most practical results. Its influence can be traced all over the neighbourhood. We all know the proverbial saying about it being impossible to get a pound of bad butter within five miles of Tring; but the lessons in scientific treatment which have been given by steady persistence for years in the practical tests in use have had the effect of causing the farmers in the neighbourhood to think much more carefully than they would otherwise have done about their methods and to improve them vastly. Where the yield of a prize cow is known and discussed by everybody, a standard is set up by which the milk yield of any cow can be fairly judged



THROUGH THE MALTESE CROSS.

The milk and butter tests have produced a real improvement in the breeding and management of dairy cattle. In the sheep-shearing test the same practical influence is brought into operation. Sheep-shearing, when done in obscure corners, is an operation not always conducted with kindness and deftness. Even in the test carried out in the public show-ring it was to be observed that, whereas the winners were extremely skilful, and therefore not cruel in the management of their sheep, as much could not be said for all who took part in this interesting trial of skill.

In the show-ring proper, after the leading prizes have been adjudged, perhaps too much attention is given to harness horses. Judging by the number of entries, no doubt this is a popular feature; but it can be overdone, and a spectator towards the end of the day becomes a little tired of the series of well-groomed horses and well-groomed men careering round like figures in a circus. The jumping is very well managed, and care is taken to make the tests sufficiently drastic to prevent any horse from winning that is not in the first flight. On the other hand, this has the effect of bringing out winners that have figured at many other agricultural shows. It might be well worth considering how far local interest might be stimulated and local horsemanship encouraged by the establishment of new classes. These observations, as need hardly be explained, are based on very high admiration of what is in all probability the best-conducted show in Great Britain, and are not put forth in the way of fault-finding, but rather as suggestions that may or may not be worth attention on a subsequent occasion. Nothing can stand still in this world, not even Tring Show, and its popularity, in our opinion, is largely due to the enterprise of those who manage it. Every season sees some improvement, some advance that makes for the comfort of the spectators and the interests of agriculture.

DRY SUMMERS AND THEIR LESSONS.

The first very dry season I remember much about was that of 1863, but chiefly because of its magnificent crop of wheat. I was then twenty years old, and just about that time I began to keep records of the weather, such as the direction of the wind, the height of the barometer, a rough estimate of rainfall, etc. The following year was again dry, and the barley was very thin and "steely," with root crops almost a failure. Then came 1865, when the drought was too much for the gravel soils, but for the country generally it was not a bad season. The next two years were showery and growing ones, with bumping crops on light soils. The years 1868, 1869 and 1870 were remarkably dry, and were followed by three wet and changeable ones, drought again returning in 1874. As 1860, 1861 and 1862 had all been remarkably wet, I was much impressed with the idea that we were under the influence of a kind of cycle system, which had lasted for fifteen years. That is, the seasons, whether wet or dry, had come in threes. After 1874 I noticed less of this tendency, but years of drought have come at less regular intervals. We are, indeed, never long without one, and when they do come they bring much anxiety to the stock-farmer. The corn crops of this country seldom suffer very severely from too much sunshine, and our worst seasons are those when it is deficient. If I were asked to name the most disastrous season for farming in

my recollection, I should answer without hesitation "Eighteen hundred and seventy-nine." That cold, sunless year of floods was disastrous indeed, bad all round for crops and stock. The harvest could not ripen, and whole flocks of sheep perished from fluke disease. Better far for England to have too much sun than too little, especially if we would recognise the certainty of drought coming at more or less frequent intervals, and prepare for it. As regards the corn crops, we must take the seasons as they come. They are at the mercy of the skies, but with provision for our livestock in a rainless season like the present much may be done if we would only learn from experience. There are fodder crops that resist drought which the stock-owner should never be without. If a dry season comes they are simply invaluable, and in a time of abundant moisture there is nothing lost by them. At the present time the pastures are arid deserts. The cattle have done well on short commons, but are now beginning to sink in

flesh, and dairy cows are shrinking in their milk yield to an alarming extent. Sheep are little better off, and in some counties the lambs are dying by the hundred. They cannot be sold as stores, for there are no buyers, all being in the same boat. At such a time the man to be envied is he who grows *every year* a field of summer cabbage, maize for cutting green, a good breadth of spring tares and, above all, plenty of lucerne, that wonderful plant which loves the sunshine and never has too much of it, useful at all times, but now beyond price. It seems almost cruel to write thus for readers whose cattle and sheep are almost starving or costing their owners a small fortune in artificials, but they can at least resolve to take precautions for the future. This summer is perhaps (I had almost said probably) the first of a dry series, and I would counsel the taking of measures without delay, among which should be the cleaning of a piece of land after harvest and manuring it well for sowing lucerne early in April next. A. T. M.

THE POWER OF THE HILLS.

THE conditions and incidents of life have changed so greatly and yet so gradually during the past thirty years that we who live in their midst have come to look upon them as a matter of course. On a sudden we realise that we are being overtaken, that youth is for ever pressing on our heels, that we no longer are pursuing but pursued, and that the little peculiarities and foibles upon which we prided ourselves are superseded and out of date. We live in quicker and more boisterous times than did our fathers, or, at any rate, we like to think so! Leisure, though it was never so monopolised, is at a discount, and he who would feel the pulse of life beneath his fingers must hustle, though he do it with an appearance of ease. In all walks such changes are apparent—in the town or in the country, in our streets and in our houses, in our work and in our play; and though we may regard the greater part of them with equanimity, others startle us from a mood of complacent self-congratulation, and we become for the nonce, as were those others whose places we now occupy, *laudatores temporis acti* of the most pronounced kind. In no variety of sport do such changes show more clearly than in shooting. The modern twelve-bore is as different from its predecessors as is a day's grouse-shooting with all its accessories to the day over dogs which constituted grouse-shooting for a former generation. Luxurious shooting-lodges have ousted the modest dwellings to which Brixey and Fribbles were so successfully enticed by Captain Downey; and though there are many who, from necessity or choice, still remain faithful to the old-fashioned form of the sport, wherever practicable driving has been adopted.

One may not, perhaps, clasp hands enthusiastically with the anonymous gentleman who, under the designation of "Venator," "Sport for Sport's Sake," or some similar signature, so often makes his appearance about November in the sporting papers. During the preceding ten weeks he lies low and takes whatever the gods may give; then, deriding modern sport and its appurtenances, he demands with an appearance of heroic scorn his bread and cheese, his trusty spaniel Don, and a spot to which he euphemistically alludes as his "bit of bog," concluding with "I think, Sir, you will admit that for real sport such a day is hard to beat!"

Yet he shows the right spirit, for in a desire to return to Nature lies the essence of true sport, and the more closely akin to Nature that sport is, the more inherent it is in a man to love it with the best part of himself. So it comes about that there is a touch of passivity in driving, a sense of artificiality which is lacking in other forms of shooting. No knowledge of Nature is demanded of the participant; his station is allotted him, and if he be a skilful shot, he will acquit himself as favourably in his own eyes and those of his host as he whose knowledge of the habits of game avails him so little. The actual shot is far more sporting, requires far greater skill and practice, and therein lies its charm. But upon the man himself, on the individual unit, less depends. The day's bag will, it is true, suffer from the absence of a good shot, yet where seven or eight guns are concerned there can never be the same sense of comradeship and personal satisfaction as when two who know each other intimately are out together on a good dogging moor at the end of the third week in August.

Who does not remember his first grouse? The thrill with which he saw it fall; the jealous fear that someone to whom such killing was a matter of everyday occurrence might claim it for his own; the restrained eagerness which strove to assume an air of careless nonchalance; and the almost reverent boyish fingers which softly stirred the red-brown feathers on the still warm breast? Each has his own particular picture to look back on, as I have mine. All blue sky and a shining moor beneath. The old liver and white setter sedately

drawing up across the flat, the rustling olive green of the bog myrtle, the little patch of mountain salix beneath the rocks, the keeper's uplifted hand and the tense, excited boy beside his father. The breaking of the covey, the gleam of the uplifted guns below, the double report and the crisp fluttering of wings madly beating amid the purple ling.

Then the glorious moment when he rose, the fool of the family, ere the guns had been reloaded (designedly, I wonder?), and he, unwitting of his reputation, came to me. I hear once more the deafening report of the little gun, and with the sudden cessation of his flight realise that he is indeed mine. I hear again the dear voice which I shall never hear before I too stand at the threshold of that Pass which leads among the everlasting hills, feel his hand upon my shoulder and see the dear face brighten. "Ah! *michi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos*," those are the moments which we would recall, moments which are gone for ever, when all lay before and nothing lay behind, when no regrets had poisoned memory, and he whom men call "No more. Too late. Farewell," was a stranger.

There are other days, too, which haunt one besides that first, days which at the time were black, though viewed in the softening perspective of the present they hold a charm unrealised. Wet, miserable, dreary days when winds came howling across the moor in angry gusts, when bedraggled dogs trailed dejectedly in the rear, when the bag was small and one's feet heavy. One grumbled at the moment. How glorious it all appears when the city throws its deadening influence about us and the breeze no longer stirs musically about the tops! Each hour and each day have memories all their own. The hot, lazy summer, when the birds lay close and shots were easy, when the bluebells peered shyly from the green of the bracken, and the soft purple folds of the heather rolled like some rich mantle to the shimmering silver of the birches. The early mornings, when the mists yet lingered on the hills or rolled lazily about the river; the first covey which ran secretly by ways known only to themselves through devious paths among the roots of heather; the midday heat; the counting of the bag and the joy of a pipe, surrounded by the still noisiness of the moor. The glimpse in the glen below of uplands rich with yellow corn, where whispering trees made bold splashes against the gold, and great shining argosies of cloud careered above in all the joy of heaven.

Or those days, later in the year, when the cold Nor'-Easter blew, and the old cocks cackled admonitory commands at the intruder from each uplifted knoll; when the tops were bare and, glittering with the first snows, shone beyond the river flats thronged with marauding bands; when above the grey stone dyke, large and black against the eastern sky, the black-game made bold forays on the yellow stooks.

These are the thoughts which stir a man whose golden days have lain among the Highland hills and whose youth first gloried there in its own strength. They come across him at moments which he dreams not of, reborn, it may be, at the bidding of a summer breeze, the lines of an old song, or the lilt of some half-forgotten melody. The sight of a green curved hollow recalls them, a distant hill when the day goeth away and the evening shadows are stretched out, the tinkle of a burn, or the music of an unseen bird. He may go further afield in after life, he may

Hear the song of the blossoms and the old chant of the sea
And see strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships.

He may, in answer to some prehistoric stirring of the blood and the ancient call of the red gods, follow mightier game in far-off climes and amid onlooked-for and beautiful surroundings. Yet such memories will never fade. It is the power of the

hills which is calling him, and that is the greatest thing in the world, save only the love of a woman. A man may change as I have said; he may even sink and be no more for a season the man he might have been, battered, tossed and weary; so long as he keeps the love of the hills in his heart he will never

be a lost soul. The hills and all that they watch over will be there waiting for him, changeless yet ever changing to welcome him as a mother does her child, until for the last time he comes to lie within their shadow and finds at length the peace which they foretell.

FRANK WALLACE.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON

A CURE FOR CROOKED PUTTING.

IFIND—and the egotistical note is the right one to strike, because people think that what has helped one may help another—that one is a good deal more helped at golf by paradoxes than by truisms. What I mean is this, that if you are putting to the right of the hole continually, the way to aid yourself in curing this vice is not to stand so as to face more towards the left of the hole—that would be the way of truisms—but more, paradoxical as it seems, towards the right of it. The explanation is that in process of making the stroke the eye involuntarily directs the hand towards correction of an error which you have made, by this way of standing to the ball, emphatically obvious. It will make the correction automatically, without troubling the brain to take cognisance of the matter at all, and in this way will correct the error much more accurately and effectively. This greater efficacy and accuracy are all part of the old story that a man can walk along a narrow plank quite happily as long as he does not give too much heed to what he is doing. Directly he begins to think about it, he falls off.

LEGALISING THE SCHENECTADY.

It is said that after the passing of the anti-croquet mallet legislation of the Rules of Golf Committee certain ships went out to America heavily ballasted with Schenectady putters. There was no further use for these weird weapons in these islands, therefore they were being conveyed to the Western Continent, where they were still among things which might be used. But a remnant remained to lumber the golf boxes and waste places of golfers' houses—valueless impedimenta. Quite lately it has happened to me to see one of these putters restored to a legal status—I fail to see that it offends the law in any way—by the simple process of shearing off its heel, wherein its offence lay. Now one would say at once that this must upset the balance of the club—do away with that feeling of centre balance which the Rules of Golf Committee specially reprehended, because they believed it to be contrary to the best traditions of a golf club and a means whereby putting was made unduly easy. But the curious thing is that when you take a Schenectady into your hand when the club has thus had its heel removed, the balance does not seem to have been disturbed at all. I do not ask anyone to take my word for this, but to go and have the heel taken off his own Schenectady and see. He will find that it balances just as it did before, and the inference is, as I take it, that the balance is not determined, as we have all supposed, by the place in the head at which the shaft enters it, but much more by the angle of the shaft with the head or of the pose with the mass of the head. This angle in the Schenectady is much nearer a right angle than in most putters, and it seems as if that must be the real secret of the balance. In any case, here is a use found for the discarded Schenectady putters. They may be dragged out of the places where they have been in shameful hiding, and by a small surgical operation may be rendered very effective weapons.

TO CAST OUT WORMCASTS.

In these pleasant days of the *entente cordiale* we may both gratefully and gracefully accept any hints that we can receive from across the Channel.

AND BERNARD DARWIN.

On the admirable inland course of La Boule are one or two features well worth our consideration. For one thing, the course is to be congratulated on a conspicuous absence of wormcasts from the putting greens, and that this is not altogether a natural condition of the soil is witnessed by the abundance of the casts on other parts of the course. The exceptional state of the putting greens suggested our enquiring as to how it was achieved, and the enquiry produced a clear and sufficient answer. In their state of original sin these greens were found much encumbered by the casts of the industrious worm. The authorities—that is to say, in this, as in every instance at La Boule, M. Pierre Deschamps—excavated below the greens, put in a sandwich eighteen inches deep of sand, and put back the turf over this, placing no more soil between the actual sand and the grass roots than was contained in the turf itself an cut of convenient depth. I have to confess, in my ignorance, that had I been concerned in this job, I should have feared that the grass would not have found sufficient nourishment, thus set down closely over the sand, but I should have been entirely

wrong, as the present flourishing condition of the growth of the grass testifies. The effect is that hardly a wormcast appears, and if any does appear it is not, as before, of a sticky, muddy nature, which turns into a pat of clay when touched, but a small affair of sand which crumbles away at the slightest touch of the bamboo wand wielded by the green-keeping magician. H. G. H.

MR. BRUCE PEARCE.

Mr. Bruce Pearce, the younger of the two Tasmanian brothers, suffers from the disadvantage of standing on what is usually called the wrong side of his ball; in other words, he is a left-handed player, and is generally and deservedly considered to be the best left-handed player in the world. In the amateur championship at Prestwick he made a brave show, being one of the last eight lefties. Among others he defeated that mighty hitter, Mr. Angus Hambro, and the great Mr. "Chick" Evans. This last was a particularly gallant victory, for Mr. Evans was two up with three to play. Mr. Pearce halved the match, however, and then won with a perfect four at that most nerve-shattering nineteenth hole, a hole now famous in history for Mr. Evans' feat of taking

off his coat as a cast and, as it proved, unavailing resource. Since then Mr. Pearce has won the tournament at Cruden Bay out of a good field. The most wonderful thing about him is that he has but just emerged from the schoolboy stage, and is only eighteen years old. Yet he plays with a steadiness and ease that many much older persons might, and do, envy. Like his brother, Mr. Clyde Pearce, he has gained for himself many friends during his stay in England.

NINE OVER THREES.

It was not very long ago that we read of a score very remarkable even in these days of inconceivable records—Mr. Percy Bishop's 63 at the Wildernes course near Sevenoaks. Nine under fours or nine over threes! Whichever way one expresses it, it sounds really alarmingly brilliant. It so chanced that I paid my first visit to the Wildernes course some two or three days after Mr. Bishop had played his round, so that I had an admirable opportunity of seeing how very good it was, even allowing for the good fortune of holing out in one at the third hole. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the course is not of transcendent length,



MR. BRUCE PEARCE.

but it is both fascinating and interesting, and there are plenty of difficult shots to be played there. The shots will be a good deal more difficult still when all the new bunkers are made; at present they are only represented by a trail of white paint which Mr. Harry Colt has left behind him in his progress round the course. The best way in which I can describe it is by saying that it is just the kind of course that each one of us would like to have in his own park round his own house if he came to be a millionaire. For one thing, it is quite extraordinarily pretty, and whichever way one turns one has a new and charming view of woodland. There are, perhaps, rather too many trees; at least, some vandal golfers might suggest the lopping here and there of an intrusive branch; but at the same time, if one can drive reasonably straight, one should not be unduly troubled by them.

SOME HOLES AT WILDERNESSE.

It is wonderful how interesting and difficult just one or perhaps two solitary trees can make a hole. The twelfth hole at Wildernes affords a capital example. On the left-hand side of the course, at about the distance of a good full drive, there stands a spreading chestnut tree and the ground slopes rather from right

to left. It is the most alluring tree I ever beheld; for one may try to drive perfectly straight or make ingenious use of the pull or the push, but the result is usually the same, namely, that one is hopelessly stymied from the hole by that single tree. If by any chance one succeeds in hitting a straight tee shot, there is yet another chestnut guarding the green, and for the second shot there is a choice between the low-running ball which shall skim beneath its branches, or one played to the right of the tree with a slight hook, which shall run down a sloping bank on to the green. This twelfth is certainly one of the most entertaining of sylvan holes, and there are others which are also most attractive. There are the thirteenth and fourteenth, for instance, where you must drive straight down a forest glade, in the shadow of gigantic beech trees, and there is the first, a really beautiful hole—too good to come so early in the round—where more beeches represent the devil and a road is the deep sea. There is, at the seventh, also a pitch over a pond on to a green sloping away from the player, to which all but the very stoutest-hearted pitchers must pay a heavy toll in balls. Altogether it is one of the pleasantest and most entertaining of park courses, and a score of 63 round it is really inhuman.

B. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HOUSE-FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers suggest an effective way of capture of Ruskin's "Black Incarnation of Freedom"? We have read of pots of mignonette being placed in the rooms, of carbolic powder spread on window-ledges, *et hoc genus omnes*; but those who have tried these things know their futility. I have lived for many years abroad, but I think I never experienced so much annoyance from flies as I have this year. One could tolerate a high temperature if one could sit still without having to ward off these pests. From long foreign experience, I know how to keep rooms cool and airy, but have yet to learn how to keep out the flies. I am not referring to wasps, whose incursions are far more easy to deal with.—MUSCA.

CANTERBURY CRICKET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should like to hear Mr. C. B. Fry's version of the incident that occurred on the St. Lawrence ground. From a spectator's view of the game, up to nearly the finish of the game Mr. Fry was giving us of his best, but towards the finish we saw him pointing about with his bat to the Kent captain and seemed to raise an objection to Blythe's bowling. It was explained after to me that the sun was in his eyes and he wanted it removed, and that Blythe was bowling too high to give catches, etc.—E. GORDON SMITH.

If Mr. Fry raised a protest, as is said to be the case, against the high full-pitched bowling of Blythe, by reason of the sun being in his eyes, though he had just scored off two similar deliveries, such a protest seems to us as unsportsmanlike as it is illogical. The batsman frequently benefits by the sun being in the eyes of a fieldsmen; why, then, should he alone be unpenalised by its position? He might as well protest against a bowler bowling anything but full-pitches while the dew still affects the wicket, as it does nearly every morning at this time of year. In our opinion the umpire was perfectly correct in his decision, though it is to the credit of Blythe that he refrained from again bowling the offending ball.—ED.]

A CLUB FOR CADDIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be so much obliged if any of your readers could give me hints about starting a club for caddies, i.e., which industry would be the most practicable to teach them, etc.—GOLFER.

[The question of classes for caddies has lately engaged the attention of a good many golf clubs. At the Sunningdale Club, which was one of the pioneers of the movement, carpentry classes were first instituted, and had a fair measure of success. Later on the specific art of club-making was substituted for carpentry in general, with the result that the classes became considerably more popular. The idea of club-making seems a distinctly happy one; the boys take a natural interest in it, and, apart from the possibility of some of them qualifying for positions in club-makers' shops, all of them learn at least the use of tools, which is bound to be of service to them. Another experiment, tried, we believe, with success by the Hanger Hill Club, is that of a market-garden on a small scale. The club employs a gardener to teach and supervise the work of the boys, and the club and some of its members purchase the produce of the garden.—ED.]

LAW AND THE LAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May one be allowed space in which to discuss points rising out of your legal correspondent's remarks on land transfer, published under the heading of "Law and the Land" in your issue of July 29th? The tenor of the same may be taken as being against all amendment of land transfer, because England is an old country, and there things have become rather muddled, so that muddle must continue and it cannot be helped. It is surely this fact, and because there are cases like the great Jennen one instanced, that a proper system of land registration, not optional as at present, but made compulsory, might be expected to clear up some of the muddle and give us a clean start. The whole idea of land registration is that the title be examined once and for all, and given a proper definition, so that in all subsequent dealings with the property the cumbersome method of proving the title under what is known as the private deed system may be eliminated. At present the final arbitration rests with the State; registration asks for it as preliminary instead, so that muddle may be cleared away and great Jennen cases avoided; and with all due respect to the general practitioner, it is work probably better done by the expert Land Registry official. That there is general disaffection with land transfer as at present must be admitted, and only so recently as July 29th (see *The Times*, July 29th), in the House of Lords, Lord Halsbury found himself in agreement with Lord Loreburn that "the present state of the law with regard to the title to landed property was in fact almost a scandal," and Lord Haldane thought "the time had come for an alteration of the present system." These are weighty names and cannot be ignored, and many humble laymen agree with Lord Haldane and are emboldened to say so. Space precludes anything but the mere mention of the evidence given before the Royal Commission on the Land Transfer Acts, and the general tenor again was that there is something very rotten in the state of

land transfer. Your correspondent hints that registration may be suitable for Australia, but not for us; he forgets, though, that Germany has an extremely efficient system of registration which has been found to work well under such varying conditions as the towns with their town-planning schemes, the enormous agricultural estates of the interior, contrasted again with the minute subdivision of the Rhineland vineyards. Again, in France the question of small holdings resolves itself by a simpler system of land tenure than ours. A French friend with whom the writer has been in correspondence on the subject wrote the other day, "Nos paysans économisent sou par sou pour acheter un 'lopin' de terre et finissent quelquefois par fermer à la longue, une bonne propriété." One wishes that our own peasants could do likewise, and not only peasants, but farmers and builders and business men. An efficient system of registration, coupled with ease in transfer, might do more for the community in encouraging thrift and building up industry than nine-tenths of recent legislation, which seems specially designed for the weakening of the sense of responsibility in the individual.—C. H. B. QUENNEL.

THE BATHERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—As the little clock indoors strikes twelve I instinctively put down my book and look out into the garden from the gallery where I am sitting. Everything is hushed and quiet as the fierce heat of the tropical sun beats down on the gorgeous coloured flowers and luxuriant palms. The only sound to be heard is the hum of the tiny black bees in a cluster of pink coralita that hangs in festoons at my side. The big lizards are circling in and out of the delicately-tinted plumbago hedge, but not so much as a rustle betrays their movements, and when they are still they simply form part of the garden itself, with their green heads and earth-coloured bodies. On the other side of the hedge bare-footed coolies pass and repass silently along the dusty road. Suddenly the stillness is broken by shrill cries of "Qu'est-ce qu'il dit? Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" as four or five birds about the size of a thrush swoop down into the silent garden and perch on a palm tree. Their cinnamon brown wings and yellow breasts glint and gleam in the sun as they continue to ask with never varying monotony their meaningless question. Peter, the Persian cat, sitting on a wicker table beside me, watches them with blinking, drowsy interest. He is in the secret and knows as well as I do what comes next. A large tub full of water stands on the lawn, and one by one the birds fly down and rest on the edge of it—and then the fun begins. Who will venture first? One bold fellow ducks forward for the plunge, and at the very last minute changes his mind with such a jerk as nearly sends him over backwards. Then another makes the attempt and half jumps, half tumbles in, only to flutter and splash wildly for a second as he turns and scrambles back to his own particular place on the tub. Now all have taken their first dip, and the bathe goes forward merrily as they wax bolder and bolder. At every plunge each one seems to think he is going to be drowned, and invariably turns desperately to the point from which he started. Even the cry of "Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?" has been exchanged for short, sharp exclamations of pleasure or fear. But there is a sound of more birds arriving, and a flock of tick-birds alights suddenly on the trees near the water-tub. This, too, is part of the daily programme, as anyone who watched Peter's face could see. They flop clumsily on to the branches, balancing themselves by perpetually jerking their long ungainly tails up and down. They are large and black with powerful hooked beaks and an almost sinister expression of unholy wisdom. Hundreds of them may be seen all day long walking step by step beside the cows in the savannah. After a few minutes' rest, in which they eye the "Qu'est-ce qu'il dits" rather contemptuously, they fly down and join the sport. But they know how to bathe. There is no hesitation, no making up their minds to take the first dive. In they go, one after the other, dashing through the water and up on to the opposite side of the tub. This is their secret, and it is as easy as flying from tree to tree. But the "Qu'est-ce qu'il dits" will never learn it. Now they all splash and squawk and scream together till it is time to come out. When they are once more comfortable and shiny and presentable they all fly off together, first to a tree near, then one a little further away, and, finally, out of sight. The midday entertainment is over and I reopen my book, while Peter, with a look of perfect satisfaction, heaves a sigh and, folding his toes under him, settles down to dose and dream through the long, hot afternoon.—A. E. W.

HOW TO DEAL WITH WASPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The first thing, of course, to do, if you want to destroy your wasps, is to find the nests. There is sure to be more than one nest, as wasps spread and nest very quickly in hot weather. The best way to set about finding them is to devote, say, a whole morning to the job, and search thoroughly all round your house. Some nests may be nearly a quarter of a mile away and still trouble you. You must look for hanging and ground nests. Only in the former would I recommend the rather obsolete way of burning the nest, and this simply because it is often not approachable any other way. But let us consider ground nests. You will generally find them in a bank exposed as much as possible to the sun. Procure, first of all, some cyanide of potassium and dissolve four to six ounces in a one and a-half pint bottle. One bottle is sufficient to kill

five big nests. If you are a stranger, you may have some difficulty in getting the genuine article, but do not let the chemist palm off on you some patent wasp destroyer guaranteed to contain this substance. Well, having prepared your solution, set out with your bottle, a longish stick and several small bits of rag. Soak one of these thoroughly with the solution when you arrive at your nest, and insert it on the end of your stick in the mouth of the hole. The wasps on entering will immediately fall down dead. Treat all your nests in the same way and then return to the first one, which you will be able to approach more easily. Pour some more of the liquid down the hole and then depart. The next day you can visit your nests, which will all be killed, with a pile of dead wasps at the entrance. Set to work now to dig out your nests, break them up, kill any of the stupid wasps and, if you are a fisherman, take the grubs. If you do not dig out your nests in this way, all your trouble will be wasted. In the course of two or three days, sometimes less, the poison will have lost its power, the grubs will come out, and a new nest, just as numerous as the last one, will be formed before you know where you are.—P. N. K.

CLIMBERS FOR AN EXPOSED POSITION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged for a few names of climbers for two rustic wood arches that are in very exposed positions, and on which it is, I find, most difficult to get anything to do at all satisfactorily.—A. LOUIS ALLEN.

(There is an excellent plant suitable for this purpose which has the misfortune to bear the name *Polygonum baldschuanicum*. It is a rampant climber from Bokhara, and produces feathery masses of rose-tinted white flowers in the greatest profusion. It is perfectly hardy and succeeds where many climbers fail. As a companion plant we recommend *Clematis montana*; it is one of the hardiest of climbers and would succeed in quite an exposed position.—ED.]

A NEW HARD WHEAT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your excellent paper you state that a new hard wheat has just been grown at Woburn and is "a promising discovery." I presume promising for the grower, as I am not aware that flour made from hard wheat has any merit from the consumer's point of view. The bread made in Canada from it is extremely bad; it is dry, wasteful, tasteless and in my very practical opinion not half as nutritious as the good old-fashioned English flour which made such delicious bread before science stepped in and spoilt it and the people's digestions.—ELLINOR C. L. CLOSE.

THE DRAKE THAT ATE THE CHICKENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A tragedy very similar to that of "The Drake that ate the Chickens" occurred in my poultry-yard. A great many little ducklings disappeared without leaving the least trace behind. I did not know how to account for so many losses until one day I saw a young drake catch a little duckling. He then ran with it to the pond, shook it violently in the water till he had drowned it and then swallowed it whole. He was one of an early brood, and about half-grown, but, of course, after that his career came to an end. This happened some years ago, but I fear there is no reason to think that ducks behave better now. Perhaps this may throw some light on other poultry-yard mysteries.—E. B. PITMAN.

A FEEDING APPARATUS FOR PIGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending a photograph of pigs and feeding apparatus. The pigs belong to Mr. Bert Crook, Broughton Road, Melksham, by whom the feeding apparatus was designed and made. The mother sow died the day after giving birth, and the pigs have been successfully reared on cows' milk (diluted). They were twenty-six days old when photographed. The apparatus consists



THE ARTIFICIAL SOW.

of ordinary rubber teats fixed through a board, and connected by rubber and glass tubing to the cans of milk behind.—W. RIDDICK.

ABNORMALLY COLOURED HONEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your correspondent's letter about some unusual-coloured honey, it may interest him to hear that in a local grocer's shop the other day I was shown some curious-looking, dark brownish honey drawn off into jars, which the proprietor told me was something "a little bit out of the common," and was made by the bees the last time there was a blight on the oak trees (from the drought), which the "busy" ones thereupon utilised, as there were next

to no flowers available. He further added, "some people thought a deal of it." I bought the other kind.—QUENELLE.

A PROVERBIAL PARISH CLOCK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While touring in Hertfordshire I visited the out-of-the-way village of Furneux Pelham. Attached to the tower of the parish church is the clock shown in the photograph. The legends above and below the dial are undoubtedly right words in the right place, while a third proverb is very clearly suggested by the flowing forelock of old Father Time, whose representation on the top of the dial reflects, I think, no little credit on its rustic designer.—W. O. KINGHAM.

URSULA, A THRUSH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was in April that I wrote the description of a thrush I had tamed and which I called Ursula. This is the third year I have known her and watched her with interest bringing up her young broods. She is quite at home on the dressing-table, eating biscuit from her little dish and drinking from the vessel on the window-sill, never forgetting after each sip to raise her head to Heaven in thanks. This idea was taught me when a child, and which I think a pretty one. As I was often confined to my room this summer, I had more opportunity of watching her. She arrived often about four in the morning, carrying off bits of biscuit in her bill. One Sunday she introduced a young bird to the window-sill, and after feeding it she flew off and left it. It stayed there in a dazed condition, as if mesmerised, twenty-five minutes by my watch, then, hearing its mother call from the trees, took courage and flew off to join her. It soon got bold, and now comes on to the table too, awkwardly slipping about its polished surface and helping itself from Ursula's plate. One morning, on awakening about 3.30, Ursula was perched on the rail at the foot of the bed! Another time, frightened by an oxeye that had alighted beside her, she flew upwards and got between the two sashes of the window. I have often found it difficult to lift a small bird from this position, but a thrush is almost an impossibility. I am afraid before I got her out she left many feathers behind. She is moulting at present, and has been going about with only one tail-feather; to-day that, too, has gone, and she has the appearance of a young grouse. A funny thing happened last week. My sister was accosted by a ragged boy, who offered to sell her a thrush for threepence, in order that a chum might go to the theatre. He had it in his pocket, and produced a bird with one tail-feather. Having given the boy the threepence, she brought it home and let it loose in the garden. I have no doubt this is Ursula, as she appeared shortly with only one. Yesterday I was in the garden and noticed flying up from the Firth of Forth many hundreds of gulls. As a rule, this inland flight denotes a coming storm. They alighted in the meadow beyond the garden wall, in a semi-circular form, sometimes the horns of the white crescent almost touching. I have noticed this formation for years, and someone has suggested that long ago there must have been at that spot a small circular pond of water, and that the remembrance is still extant on the brains of the descendants of the gulls first alighting around the spot. It reminded me of the circle still remaining on an ancient coin when the superscription and device have gone. To-day the mist drifts between me and Arthur's Seat, the gulls have moved away and are ranged in a long line, while their place of yesterday is gradually being taken by hundreds of pewits evidently gathering for their autumn migration.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE.

TITMOUSE AND COCONUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On a theme so familiar as that of the titmouse's appetite for cocoanut, can anything fresh remain to be written? Worn well-nigh threadbare though it may be, I venture, nevertheless, to send you a few notes on the subject jotted down during a recent visit to a country house. From an iron rod driven into the lawn just outside the dining-room window hung the two halves of a cocoanut, to which came, day after day, two great tits, a solitary coletit, two blue tits and a pair of nuthatches. The rod, with its burden, was in full view of persons sitting at the table at breakfast and luncheon, so there were ample opportunities of observing the habits of the little pensioners. While both the great tit or oxeye and the diminutive blue tit were invariably truculent and aggressive, the sober-hued coletit, on the other hand, was perfectly humble and inoffensive, and would allow itself to be driven away without the slightest show of resistance. And it was of a confiding nature, too, for even when chased violently from the food by the oxeye it would almost instantly return and peck fearlessly at the cocoanut under the very nose of the big bully, only to be hunted off again. I noticed that the oxeye, hectoring bully that he was, went in wholesome awe of the nuthatch, and would promptly evacuate the position at his approach. A common manoeuvre of the oxeye, when two or three of the other birds were busily feeding, and one which seldom failed of its effect, was to come bounding through the air towards them on wings which, heating the air very fast, made, no doubt, a most alarming noise (though this, of course, was inaudible inside the room). At sight and sound of this threatening apparition, the other birds, panic-stricken, would scatter instantly in headlong haste, even the nuthatch, at other times, it seemed, the great tit's master, joining in the general rout. The stout-hearted little blue tit, however, though now and then driven off by the tyrant's tempestuous attack, as a rule held his ground, and would even, standing firm on one edge of the shell, face the big fellow squarely, breathing defiance from wide-open mandibles, while his formidable foe, perched over against him, tried vainly to frighten him away. The two great tits were a male and a female, and it was the male bird, splendid in his brilliant livery of black



TIME AND LIFE.

and white, dark green and sulphur yellow, who was the chief aggressor. The hen, smaller and with duller colouring (probably the bully's future mate), though herself overbearing enough to the smaller birds, received in her turn scant courtesy from her un gallant lord. If she ventured to share the feast when he saw fit to eat, he would drive her off with the utmost ferocity. The quarrelsome little blue tit was in his way just as tyrannous as the oxyeye. His special butt, the meek and harmless coletit, was hunted mercilessly from the cocoanut, and when the much-worried little fellow tried, as he sometimes did, to find a brief respite from his persecutions in a search for pickings on the lawn, the pugnacious blue tit would follow and chase him away. The two nuthatches, spick and span—blue-grey above and buff and chestnut beneath—with an odd resemblance at times to kingfishers (but kingfishers whose colours have faded or washed out), while apparently fully aware of their strength and allowing no liberties, never molested the other birds. When they came to feed they almost invariably flew to the base of the rod and climbed up towards the cocoanut. The lower half of the rod was, of course, out of sight of those sitting at the table, and it was with an ever-fresh surprise that one saw, coming suddenly and unexpectedly into the line of vision above the window-sill, the form of a climbing nuthatch, looking, as it jerked its way upward with body pressed close to the iron and head and neck outstretched to the full, curiously stealthy and unbirdlike. Is the wily sparrow learning to overcome his deep-rooted distrust of man and his devices? Several times while I sat in that dining-room sparrows came inquisitively to the rod, and one morning a venturesome bird flew straight to the cocoanut and helped himself.—J. R. H.

A COTTAGE AT HETHERINGTON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the principal street in the village of Hetherington in Leicestershire there is a cottage which is interesting from its unusual, though perfectly sound,



IN A LEICESTERSHIRE VILLAGE.

construction. The four walls are of framed timber with rough brick filling, and in the two end walls the main beams are in the form of an inverted V the apex forming, quite naturally, the apex of the roof. No other cottage in the village shows this peculiarity. Several others are timber framed with red-brick filling, while others are built of red brick. Most are picturesque in character and thatched. The thirteenth century church is now a shapeless ruin.—B.

WASPS AND THE EXUDATION OF TREES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In our garden we have a sickly oak, which is attracting wasps by a black exudation, in the same manner as on August 5th you describe the unhealthy clings to be doing. Our unfortunate tree was banked up round the trunk when this "suburban semi-detached" was built some ten years ago, and is now slowly dying in consequence. One expects tannin from oaks; it seems curious that they should exude anything sweet enough to attract insects.—B. S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have four wych elms in front of my house, and I have noticed now for about a week a great number of wasps on the trunks, from near the bottom right up to the top, many single wasps, and also in bunches of about fifteen or twenty. I cannot locate the nest, and I thought when my gardener first called my attention to the wasps that they were taking the bark to make the paper of the nest; but they are evidently feeding on the sap, or some kind of moisture from the crevices of the bark. Can you or any of your readers tell me if this is a common occurrence, or if it is peculiar to a dry season such as the present?—CHARLES WILLIAM EARLY.

THE WATER-VOLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Every lover of the country is familiar with the ubiquitous little water-vole whose home is in the bank of almost every stream and pool. Under ordinary conditions the water-vole burrows deeply into whatever spot he makes his headquarters; but, being a vegetable feeder, he does not meddle with the denizens



A WATER-VOLE'S NEST—

of the river or pool he frequents, and so does little harm beyond aiding the erosion of the retaining walls of earth. Even this damage is of little moment, except in the case of canals whose banks are above the level of the surrounding districts, from which, of course, the voles must be rigorously excluded, or their workings may materially weaken the embankment and thus cause a flooding of the fields at some inopportune time, with the result of serious pecuniary loss. My purpose in this letter is not to attack or defend the existence of the water-vole, but to describe an unusual instance of adaptation to environment in connection with this little creature. I recently had occasion to ramble over a wide expanse of common-land that was in a state of primeval roughness, the greater portion of the middle of this wild tract being taken up by a big swamp whose more open watery spaces formed an ideal nesting-place for a great colony of black-headed gulls. In company with a naturalist friend I was wading among the tufts of sedges where the gulls were nesting, when he drew my attention to certain grassy-looking balls hidden among them, which, on examination, proved to be hollow inside, and were composed of the white pith that fills the stems of the sedges. The outer green bark had been deftly peeled off and the remaining inner portion skilfully woven into warm nests. We found many of these structures, and speculated for some time as to the identity of their builders. Eventually we solved the puzzle by fortunately disturbing a water-vole that was coiled inside one of these balls—its home—the reason for their construction being then immediately made plain. The whole of this marshy place is submerged all the year round, and consequently it is impossible for the voles to follow their natural instinct to excavate burrows. Were they to attempt to do so, such underground runs would at once fill with water, and no part of the run could be kept dry. Except for this disadvantage—there not being any ground above water-level where they could live under the same conditions as obtain with other voles—everything else was peculiarly favourable to their living in undisturbed security; hence this adaptation to environment. A tuft of rough sedge standing well above the ground affords an ideal site whereon to construct a warm, roomy nest, the fallen dead sedge forming a compact, safe landing-place after aquatic excursions, and also a gentle slope up to the nest. Every inhabited tuft had, we found, two or more of these landing-stages, so that, on being approached from one side



—AND ITS INHABITANT.

the voles readily made their escape from the opposite side. We could see that the voles on this particular swamp were practically free from molestation by their natural enemies, the greatest of which is the stoat; for he and his kind are not very fond of crossing boggy places. Thus the voles thrive in their adopted home, and may prove the progenitors of a subsequent race of nest-building water-voles.—SYDNEY H. SMITH.